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ACCOUNT OF THE TONGA OR FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

BY WILLIAM MARINER, SEVERAL YEARS RESIDENT THERE.

From the British Critic.

THE hero of the present production did not, like our venerable friend Robinson Crusoe, of antient days, discover in his early youth an irresistible propensity for maritime adventures. He was, however, intended by his father for the sea, and an accident placed him on board the *Port-au-Prince*, private ship of war, before he was fourteen years of age, in the capacity of captain's clerk. The voyage proved peculiarly disastrous. They sailed first to the river Plate, touched at the Falkland Islands, doubled Cape Horn, and commenced hostilities with the Spaniards, near the Bay of Conception. Their efforts were at first, in some degree, successful, and the result might eventually have been fortunate, but that most unluckily they lost their captain, Duck. He was succeeded in his command by a Mr. Brown, whose conduct appears to have been unwarrantable and absurd, exciting great disgust among the crew, and ultimately causing the loss of the ship and cargo.

It should be remembered that the groupe of islands which are here denominated the *Tonga Islands*, form a part of those to which our great navigator Cooke gave the name of the *Friendly Islands*. Cooke's chart, as it appears, does not include *Vavaoo*, the largest of them all, and at this time the most im-

portant also. They are here altogether classed under the appellation of the *Tonga Islands*, being so denominated by the natives, themselves.

The ship on board which was our adventurer, brought too, for the last time, at the N.W. point of *Lefooga*, one of the *Hapir Islands*, in the very spot where *Cooke* had formerly anchored. Here the unaccountable infatuation of the commander occasioned the loss of the vessel, and the lives of many of the crew, and the captivity of the rest. He had already been warned of the bad intentions of the *Indians*, but received the information with contempt and anger. These admonitions were again repeated, and received with similar inattention, and no precautions of any kind were taken. The consequences are thus related :

" The following fatal day, Monday, the 1st December, 1806, at eight o'clock in the morning, the natives began to assemble on board, and soon increased to 300 in different parts of the ship. About nine o'clock *Tooi Tooi*, the *Sandwich islander*, before mentioned as having endeavoured to inspire the ship's company with a good opinion of the friendly disposition of the natives, came on board, and invited Mr. Brown to go on shore and view the country : he immediately

complied, and went unarmed. About half an hour after Mr. Brown had left the ship, Mr. Mariner, who was in the steerage, went to the hatch for the sake of the light, as he was about to make a pen; looking up, he saw Mr. Dixon standing on a gun, endeavouring, by his signs, to prevent more of the natives coming on board: at this moment he heard a loud shout from the Indians, and saw one of them knock Mr. Dixon down with a club: seeing now too clearly what was the matter, he turned about to run towards the gun-room, when an Indian caught hold of him by the hand; but luckily escaping from his grasp, he ran down the scuttle, and reached the gun-room, where he found the cooper; but considering the magazine to be the safest place, they ran immediately there; and having consulted what was best to be done, they came to the resolution of blowing up the vessel, and, like Samson of old, to sacrifice themselves and their enemies together. Bent upon this bold and heroic enterprise,* Mr. Mariner repaired to the gun-room, to procure flint and steel, but was not able to get at the muskets without making too much noise, for the arm-chest lay beneath the boarding-pikes, which had carelessly been thrown down the scuttle the preceding evening: the noise occasioned by clearing them away, as the uproar above began to cease, would undoubtedly have attracted the notice of the Indians: he therefore returned to the magazine, where he found the cooper in great distress from the apprehension of his impending fate. Mr. Mariner next proposed that they should go at once upon deck, and be killed quickly, while their enemies were still hot with slaughter, rather than by greater delay subject themselves to the cruelties of cooler barbarity. After some hesitation, the cooper consented to follow if Mr. Mariner would lead the way. Mr. Mariner thereupon went up into the gun-room, and lifting up the hatch a lit-

* "Lest this should be thought a rash and presumptuous conduct, as sacrificing their own lives unnecessarily, it should be considered that it would be almost a certain preventive of such conspiracies for the future, when those on shore would witness the sudden and awful fate so unexpectedly attending the perpetrators."

tle, saw Tooi Tooi and Vaca-ta-Bola examining Captain Duck's sword and other arms that were in his bed-place. Their backs being turned, he lifted off the hatch entirely, and jumped up into the cabin: Tooi Tooi instantly turning round, Mr. Mariner presented his hands open, to signify that he was unarmed and at their mercy: he then uttered *aroghah!* (a word of friendly salutation among the Sandwich islanders) and asked him partly in English, and partly in his own language, if he meant to kill him, as he was quite ready to die: Tooi Tooi replied in broken English, that he should not be hurt as the chiefs were already in possession of the ship. He then asked him how many persons there were below, to which Mr. Mariner answered, that there was only one: he then called up the cooper, who had not followed him the whole way. Tooi Tooi led them upon deck towards one of the chiefs who had the direction of the conspiracy. The first object that struck Mr. Mariner's sight, on coming upon deck, was enough to thrill the stoutest heart: there sat upon the companion a short squab naked figure, of about fifty years of age, with a seaman's jacket, soaked with blood, thrown over one shoulder, on the other rested his iron-wood club, spattered with blood and brains,—and what increased the frightfulness of his appearance was a constant blinking with one of his eyes, and a horrible convulsive motion with one side of his mouth. On another part of the deck there lay twenty-two bodies perfectly naked, and arranged side by side in even order. They were so dreadfully bruised and battered about the head, that only two or three of them could be recognised. At this time a man had just counted them, and was reporting the number to the chief, who sat in the hammock-nettings; immediately after which they began to throw them over-board. Mr. Mariner and the cooper were now brought into the presence of the chief, who looked at them awhile and smiled, probably on account of their dirty appearance. Mr. Mariner was then given in charge to a petty chief to be taken on shore, but the cooper was detained on board.

"In his way to the shore the chief took his shirt from his back. The circumstance of his having just escaped death was by no means a consolation to him: reserved for he knew not what hardships, he felt his mind hardened by a sort of careless indifference as to what might happen; if he had any consoling hope at all, it was that he might be going on shore to be killed by the hand of some chief not sated with that day's slaughter. His companions, for ought he knew, were all killed; at least, he was morally certain that himself and the cooper* were the only persons living of all who were on board at the time this most bloody massacre was perpetrated: and as to those, who, from bad or injudicious motives, had left the ship the day before, they were probably, by this time at least, secured, and waiting, like himself, with anxious desire to know whether speedy death or degrading servitude was to be their portion.

"In a little while he was landed, and led to the most northern part of the island, called Co-oolo, where he saw, without being much affected at the sight, the cause of all that day's disasters, Mr. Brown, the whaling master, lying dead upon the beach: the body was naked, and much bruised about the head and chest. They asked Mr. Mariner, by words and signs, if they had done right in killing him;—as he returned them no answer, one of them lifted up his club to knock out his brains, but was prevented by a superior chief, who ordered them to take their prisoner on board a large sailing canoe. Whilst here, he observed upon the beach an old man, whose countenance did not speak much in his favour, parading up and down with a large club in his hand. At this time a boy, who had just come into the canoe, pointed to a fire at a little distance, and addressing himself to Mr. Mariner, pronounced the word *mâte* † (meaning to

* "There were two others, the boatswain, and one of the crew, who were on board at the time, and also escaped; but they were taken on shore before Mr. Mariner and the cooper made their appearance upon deck. This circumstance he did not know till some time afterwards."

† "The word *mâte* (pronounced something like *mārtay*) is the common word throughout the South Sea Island for "to kill;" and Mr. M. had learnt it at the Sandwich Islands."

kill,) and made such signs that could give him to understand nothing less than that he was to be killed and roasted; this idea roused him from his state of mental torpor, and gave him some alarm, which was not lessened by the sight of the old man just mentioned, who appeared in no other light than that of an executioner waiting for his victim. About half an hour afterwards a number of people came to the canoe, landed him, and led him towards the fire, near which he saw, lying dead, James Kelly, William Baker, and James Hoay, three of those who had first mutinied. Some hogs were now brought to be cooked; and Mr. Mariner was pretty well undeceived respecting what he had understood from the gestures of the boy in the canoe, who, it was now sufficiently evident, merely meant to imply that some of Mr. Mariner's countrymen lay dead where he pointed, and that they were going to roast or bake some hogs there."

Fortunately for Mr. Mariner, Finow, the king, had taken an extraordinary liking to him when he first saw him on board the Port-au-Prince; he accordingly took him under his protection, and provided him with every thing necessary for his maintenance and comfort. The anecdotes subsequently related of the manners of these islanders, and the occurrences which took place during Mr. Mariner's residence among them, have certainly a considerable portion of interest; but it must be nevertheless acknowledged that this interest is by no means kept up to the conclusion of the work, indeed it so far lessens that the reader is in great danger of being sickened with the sanguinary details of the barbarous wars between these neighbouring islanders, and turns with disgust from scenes too frequently introduced, of the dashing out the brains of the Indian warriors with their massive clubs.

Among a great many local anecdotes which will be found amusing, we shall insert one highly characteristic of the constitution of mind of these extraordinary people.

"In former times there lived a tooi (governor) of Vavaoo, who exercised a very tyrannical deportment towards his people; at length, when it was no lon-

ger to be borne, a certain chief meditated a plan of insurrection, and was resolved to free his countrymen from such odious slavery, or to be sacrificed himself in the attempt: being however treacherously deceived by one of his own party, the tyrant became acquainted with his plan, and immediately had him arrested. He was condemned to be taken out to sea and drowned, and all his family and relations were ordered to be massacred, that none of his race might remain. One of his daughters, a beautiful girl, young and interesting, had been reserved to be the wife of a chief of considerable rank, and she too would have sunk, the victim of the merciless destroyer, had it not been for the generous exertions of another young chief, who a short time before had discovered the cavern of Hoonga. This discovery he had kept within his breast a profound secret, reserving it as a place of retreat for himself, in case he should be unsuccessful in a plan of revolt which he also had in view. He had long been enamoured of this beautiful young maiden, but had never dared to make her acquainted with the soft emotions of his heart, knowing that she was betrothed to a chief of higher rank and greater power. But now the dreadful moment arrived when she was about to be cruelly sacrificed to the rancour of a man, to whom he was a most deadly enemy. No time was to be lost; he flew to her abode, communicated in a few short words the decree of the tyrant, declared himself her deliverer if she would trust to his honour, and, with eyes speaking the most tender affection, he waited with breathless expectation for an answer. Soon her consenting hand was clasped in his; the shades of evening favoured their escape; whilst the wood, the covert, or the grove, afforded her concealment, till her lover had brought a small canoe to a lonely part of the beach. In this they speedily embarked, and as he paddled her across the smooth wave, he related his discovery of the cavern destined to be her asylum till an opportunity offered of conveying her to the Fiji islands. She, who had entrusted her personal safety entirely to his care, hesitated not to consent to whatever plan he

might think promotive of their ultimate escape; her heart being full of gratitude, love and confidence found an easy access. They soon arrived at the rock, he leaped into the water, and she instructed by him, followed close after; they rose into the cavern, and rested from their fears and their fatigue, partaking of some refreshment which he had brought there for himself, little thinking, at the time, of the happiness that was in store for him. Early in the morning he returned to Vavaoo to avoid suspicion; but did not fail, in the course of the day, to repair again to the place which held all that was dear to him; he brought her mats to lie on, the finest gnatoo for a change of dress, the best of food for her support, sandal wood oil, cocoa nuts, and every thing he could think of to render her life as comfortable as possible. He gave her as much of his company as prudence would allow, and at the most appropriate times, lest the prying eye of curiosity should find out his retreat. He pleaded his tale of love with the most impassioned eloquence, half of which would have been sufficient to have won her warmest affections, for she owed her life to his prompt and generous exertions at the risk of his own: and how was he delighted when he heard the confession from her own lips, that she had long regarded him with a favourable eye, but a sense of duty had caused her to smother the growing fondness, till the late misfortune of her family, and the circumstances attending her escape, had revived all her latent affections, to bestow them wholly upon a man to whom they were so justly due. How happy were they in this solitary retreat! tyrannic power now no longer reached them: shut out from the world and all its cares and perplexities;—secure from all the eventful changes attending upon greatness, cruelty, and ambition:—themselves were the only powers they served, and they were infinitely delighted with this simple form of government. But although this asylum was their great security in their happiest moments, they could not always enjoy each other's company; it was equally necessary to their safety that he should be often absent from her, and frequently for a length

of time together, lest his conduct should be watched. The young chief therefore panted for an opportunity to convey her to happier scenes, where his ardent imagination pictured to him the means of procuring for her every enjoyment and comfort, which her amiable qualifications so well entitled her to : nor was it a great while before an opportunity offering, he devised the means of restoring her with safety to the cheerful light of day. He signified to his inferior chiefs and matabooles, that it was his intention to go to the Fiji islands, and he wished them to accompany him with their wives and female attendants, but he desired them on no account to mention to the latter the place of their destination, lest they should inadvertently betray their intention, and the governing chief prevent their departure. A large canoe was soon got ready, and every necessary preparation made for their voyage. As they were on the point of their departure, they asked him if he would not take a Tonga wife with him. He replied, no ! but he should probably find one by the way : this they thought a joke, but in obedience to his orders they said no more, and, every body being on board, they put to sea. As they approached the shores of Hoonga, he directed them to steer to such a point, and having approached close to a rock, according to his orders, he got up, and desired them to wait there while he went into the sea to fetch his wife ; and without staying to be asked any questions, he sprang into the water from that side of the canoe farthest from the rock, swam under the canoe, and proceeded forward into the sanctuary which had so well concealed his greatest and dearest treasure. Every body on board was greatly surprised at his strange conduct, and began to think him insane : and after a little lapse of time, not seeing him come up, they were greatly alarmed for his safety, imagining a shark must have seized him. Whilst they were all in the greatest concern, debating what was best to be done, whether they ought to dive down after him, or wait according to his orders, for that perhaps he had only swam round and was come up in some niche of the rock, intending to surprise

them ;—their wonder was increased beyond all powers of expression, when they saw him rise to the surface of the water, and come into the canoe with a beautiful female. At first they mistook her for a goddess, and their astonishment was not lessened when they recognised her countenance, and found her to be a person, whom they had no doubt was killed in the general massacre of her family ; and this they thought must be her apparition. But how agreeably was their wonder softened down into the most interesting feelings, when the young chief related to them the discovery of the cavern and the whole circumstance of her escape. All the young men on board could not refrain envying him his happiness in the possession of so lovely and interesting a creature. They arrived safe at one of the Fiji islands, and resided with a certain chief for two years : at the end of which time, hearing of the death of the tyrant Vavaoo, the young chief returned with his wife to the last mentioned island, and lived long in peace and happiness."

After a long continuance in one or other of these islands, and being perhaps, from gratitude, as well as from a sense of personal security, the involuntary associate of many murderous scenes, Mariner contrived to make his escape on board an English vessel, in which he proceeded to China. The remainder of the work is occupied by a detailed account of Finow, the king, the benefactor and patron of Mr. Mariner, the situation and influence of the chiefs, the religious ideas and ceremonies of the people, and a general view of the state of society among them.

A chapter is also given to the medical knowledge which they possess, and the skill which they exhibit in the performance of certain operations. Such manufactures also as have been carried to any degree of perfection, with minute accounts of their dances, songs, and music, bring the reader not unreluctantly to the conclusion. But the most valuable part of this performance, in the opinion of the editor, is what he terms a grammar of the Tonga language, with two vocabularies, of considerable extent, of Tonga and English, and English and Tonga.

From the Monthly Magazine.

UNCONNECTED SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY ; IN LETTERS TO A LADY.

Villeneuve ; Sept. 14, 1816.

My dear Madam,

IT is night,—I have just arrived at this village. We quitted Lausanne between eleven and twelve o'clock this morning ; a pure sky was expanded throughout the hemisphere. Another day of sunshine and of joy has passed, leaving such vivid traces of the delicious intensity of my happiness, that my remembrance of it will be inerasible as the wild and stupendous scenes through which I have passed. A current of transport has coursed my veins throughout the day. I have sighed. I have been speechless with joy. I did not suppose that the human frame was capable, for hours in succession, of enjoyment so exquisite ; and I feel confident, that the scenery of Switzerland alone can generate such emotions : even while I write, recollection realizes my transports, and my eyes are filled with tears of joy : may these sensations visit my frame in after years, when age shall rob my limbs of their vigour, and circumscribe the feeble efforts of exercise to a garden, an orchard, and its adjoining copse !

Our route lay on the borders of the Lake ; its gently-agitated waters were expanded before us, glittering in the sunshine. Beyond the Lake rose the rugged Alps of Savoy, towering to an immense height ; their sides, for the most part, veiled in shade, and partially covered with snow ; not a trace of vegetation decorated their craggy summits. On our left, rich vineyards clothed the sides of the mountains, and were extended as far as our eyes could trace them.

We passed Lutri, Cuilli, and St. Saporin, on our way to Vevai and Clarens, which, you may well believe, we were most anxious to arrive at, however delighted we were by every object which lay around us. My mind was for ever occupied with the recollection of that master-work of genius, which is not the less delightful because it is fictitious ;

yet why do I call the *Eloise* a fiction ? It must not be called a work of imagination, it is so perfect a copy of an original ; it is so pure a reflection of human feelings and actions, that we exclaim involuntarily—"Rousseau is not indebted to his imagination for this, but to his heart."

We had heard of the magnitude and impetuosity of the *Vevaise*, which rises in the *Gruyere* mountains, and flows into the Lake at *Vevai*. We listened as we advanced, and expected that the hoarse voice of the river-god would salute our ears long before we approached his presence. We entered the town ; we stood on the centre of the bridge, and beheld the bed of the *Vevaise*. How surprised were we to find that a feeble current only marked the course of the river ; yet all around this current, this playful stream that lives only in quiescence and sunshine, this offspring of the river-deity, we beheld traces of the power and impetuosity of the parent—of the mountain-torrent, whose voice appals—whose strength is irresistible !

I traversed the town ; my mind was filled with the recollection of the sentiments, which no lips but those of an *Eloise* and a *St. Preux* could breathe. I thought of them only ; of beings whose frames were agitated by feelings the most wild, yet the most refined, delicate, and intellectual : of those who had pictured to themselves an existence, whose joys would for ever partake of the meridian intensity ; for it is only in the morning of life when our sensations have the untiring activity which novelty begets, when the frame is verging towards a maturity of strength and beauty, when the blood seems to gush through the veins with the velocity of light, and its "rapids" hurry our imagination through regions of enchantment, that we picture to ourselves that visionary, unbroken happiness, the offspring of inexperience, from the pursuit of which we at length turn with languor, dejection, and despair,

when we discover the alloy which is inseparable from unregulated fruition.

As I gazed around me, I could not but exclaim, "On such a spot, surrounded by luxuriant vineyards; the quiet and delicious scenery which the opening between the mountains presents; a widely spreading and quiet lake, bounded by an outline presenting the reverse of all these—the craggy inaccessible Alps; here the language of enthusiasm is that of truth and nature."

We entered the great square, the south side of which opens upon the Lake; here we beheld the rocks of Meillerie, from which the unwearied gaze of St. Preux was fixed upon this spot. How fortunate was he that distance prevented him from distinguishing the particular object which he endeavoured to behold, since more was left to the visions of imagination.

The heat became intense as we approached Clarcus; had my existence been merely animal, I should involuntarily have sought shelter at Vevai, but excessive happiness thrilled me—my heart bounded within my breast: what I beheld excited joy; but imagination hurried me from these objects to its own mysterious regions of beatitude; an indescribable transport, before unfelt, undreamt of, pervaded every artery of my frame. We entered Clarens, more memorable for its bower, where the imaginary St. Preux was surprised by a bliss surpassing perfect happiness,* than for having been at one time the actual residence of Rousseau: such is the magical power of genius!

We had not long quitted Clarens when we met an old Swiss, whom we found intelligent and most willing to communicate all that he conceived we should be interested in knowing: he was pleased by our eager inquiries; and our humble mode of travelling proved that we had visited, *con amore*, his native lakes and mountains. He directed our steps to the village of Montreux, on the mountain side, and particularly to a bridge thrown over a mountain-torrent: he pointed to the snow-covered heights, among which, he said, the

chamois is hunted; and spoke of a valley among the mountains, not far distant, where some plants are found which are no-where discoverable but on the summits of the Alps. In this valley have resided a race of beings who, from sire to son, have never quitted the scenes of their nativity; knowledge has not, by inflaming their imaginations, generated the desire of change. They are fortunate, indeed, who are incapable of conceiving a state of happiness more perfect than that which they enjoy: transported, as I now am, I almost envy those whose lives are so fixed, so quiescent, so insulated.

We proceeded to the bridge of Montreux, and from its summit looked down upon the torrent; it was roaring and foaming as it rushed impetuously thro' its rocky bed, at a fearful depth below us. The height on which I stood, and the wildness of the current, made me shrink from the fixed attention to that which I afterwards returned to contemplate, not with less emotion, but with less dread. I could not trace it far up the mountain; it was concealed by an almost perpendicular wood, which hung on its side. Never shall I forget the sensation which I experienced when I first bent over the parapet of the bridge; I glanced at the torrent,—my eyes shrunk from its overwhelming volume, and clung to the rich underwood which lay on its banks; a mixed feeling of dread and delight convulsed me: you may have felt the same, but never so intensely.

We did not resume the road which we had quitted, but continued our walk to Villeneuve, through the church-yard of Montreux, and by a slanting pathway cut on the precipitous declivity of the mountain-side. This track conducted us through orchards, meadows, and fields of India wheat. I could not have conceived the possibility of the cultivation of uplands so fearfully oblique, had I not beheld the peasantry making hay; had I not seen the closely-mown orchard, with its trees bending with fruit, and beheld the ripened wheat drooping and threatening parturition. Among these scenes we frequently beheld the self-planted beach spreading its

* See the *Eloise*... Letter 14.

thick and impenetrable branches, and the light ash, with its thin and sunny foliage. The orchard appeared to be separated from the corn or hay field, by irregular traces of rich underwood, which were

“Hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild;”

for, although the effects of cultivation lay all around us, yet was there so little art, so faint a shew of violence in the controul of Nature, that she still appeared to be almost unlicenced in her liberty.

The sun was declining as we wound among these enchanting scenes, but his slanting rays lighted up the rich verdure of the grass and the luxuriant foliage of the trees with unusual brilliancy. The murmuring of a thousand cascades, “above, below, and all around” us, some crossing our path, others sparkling through rich underwood, or rippling at its side; the gentle dashing of the waves of the Lake, whose sound was “by distance made more sweet;” and the song of the grass-hopper, sometimes at our feet, at other times so far removed as to be almost inaudible, yielded delicious music: for these unregulated sounds—differing, yet not uncongenial,—were to me most musical.

Through the trees we saw below us the dark towers of the insulated castle of Chillon, reflected on the bosom of the Lake. These objects awoke a train of painful reflections, and proved how entirely our happiness is out of our power, and that we are wholly the creatures of circumstance. I thought of that sanguinary era, when the ardor of religious reform violated the laws of justice and humanity—when the residents of the borders of this Lake became infuriate with the unchristian zeal of persecution—when this castle was the scene of

pining and of hopelessness. I thought of that period when the meek, the philosophic, the enlightened, Michael Servetus, became the victim of the crafty, cold-hearted, Calvin. When will men discover that religion does not consist in the belief of that which surpasses their comprehension, and in the persecution, or hatred, at least, of those who do not believe, yet court conviction? When will they perceive that its divine essence consists in kind-heartedness, in generosity, in high-mindedness, in the cultivation of intellect, in promoting the happiness of a community if we possess genius, and that of our family and friends if we have it not?

During the time that the foregoing gloomy reflections were occupying my mind, the shades of evening were deepening on the Lake, and enfolding in their embrace the objects immediately on its borders; while the Alps, which tower above it, were enveloped in tints of purple light. Rousseau has faithfully and beautifully described, in his *Eloise*, this effect of the setting sun on the mountain summits. This is, indeed, a region of enchantment; it presents objects not embraced by the most sublimated fictions of poetic genius! I looked towards the Jura mountains; the sun had just sunk below their summits. We walked on, scarcely a word passed our lips; we were too much delighted to converse, for we despaired to communicate, and feared to disturb our happiness. The approach of night, that concealed those charms which had so transported us from our eager and ungratified gaze, could not deprive us of the delight which the sight of them had created. Never—never did I experience—never can I hope again to feel such heart-boundings: never was I so purely delighted.

Adieu! Adieu! T. H.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

PARISIAN ANECDOTES OF 1815, 16, 17.

Oct. 29, 1815.

THEY are still busy at the royal library in selecting and delivering up the books which belonged to the conquered countries. As these works had

long been distributed in their respective classes among half a million of volumes, this is a herculean labour, on which account the library has this year prolonged its vacations till November. The Bur-

gundian library as it was called, from Brussels, is returning for the second time from Paris to this city: the first restitution was in the reign of Louis XV. Many books will certainly not be recovered; for during the Revolution the foreign libraries were intermixed with those of the suppressed convents in extensive depots at Paris. One of these depots contained not fewer than 200,000 volumes. Hence the libraries of the various authorities in the country were supplied. Many a private person who possessed some influence also selected what he thought proper from these collections, and many of the books which remained were sold to dealers.

The restitution of the manuscripts is effected with greater facility, as their number is not so considerable: most of them are therefore already delivered to their respective owners. In addition to theirs the Bavarians have taken 36 manuscripts which near two centuries since were conveyed with the Heidelberg library to Rome, and originally belonged to them. Who would then have imagined that the Bavarians would by conquest recover these literary treasures at Paris? But a circumstance peculiarly galling to the French is, that the Prussians now demand 500 manuscripts as a compensation for the pictures, statues, and books not forthcoming, and are preparing to select them from among the ancient French MSS.

NEW METHOD OF ENGRAVING MAPS.

Dessay, the bookseller, has announced, under the singular title of *Cartes Encyprotypes*, a general atlas of 40 maps, which are to be engraved according to a new process invented by M. de Freyssieet. By this method the maps are not drawn upon paper, but at once on the copper itself, which is covered for the purpose with a certain varnish. The drawing is slightly traced upon it, and after this tracing the engraver works. The little inaccuracies which usually take place in the transfer from the paper to the copper are thus avoided.

ALLEGED PERSECUTION OF THE PROTESTANTS.

Some of the newspapers have attempted to give to the recent disturbances in the south of France the character of a

religious war. This misrepresentation is strongly condemned by the author of a small tract just published, who details all the persecutions which the royal party in the department of the Gard had to suffer during the short usurpation of Buonaparte, and which furnish an excuse, if not a justification for their hostility. The national guards who to the very last continued faithful to the Duke d'Angoulême, were hunted down like wild beasts by the savage Buonapartists; they were fired upon, driven from all human habitations into the woods, or dragged away to prison, while the populace was instigated to insult and maltreat them. The author admits, that among the Protestants there were more Buonapartists than royalists, but most positively denies that any of them were persecuted at Protestants. Those only, whether Catholics or Protestants, who, during the short period of terror, had persecuted the partisans of the King with such fury, were chastised on the return of his Majesty by their exasperated fellow-citizens, before the magistrates had time to interfere. Fortunately, not many such acts of violence occurred, especially as the Austrians advanced into the department of the Gard.

SAGACITY OF DOGS.

One day when Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, Paris, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to wager with the latter, that if he were to hide a six livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the *ecu* secreted after being carefully marked. When the two friends had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile, a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a chaise from Vincennes, saw the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding place. He alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn, in the Rue Pont-aux-Choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in quest of the *ecu*, when the stranger picked it up. He followed the

chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveller supposing him to be some dog that had lost, or been left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches than they were seized by the dog: the owner conceiving that he wanted to play with them took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches and away he flew. The traveller posted after him with his nightcap on, and literally *sans culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons of 40 francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature; and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveller became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself, Sir," rejoined the other smiling, "without doubt there is in your purse a six livre piece, with such and such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you."—The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had occasioned him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.

Some years since, two dogs performed the office of turnspit in the *Collège du Plessis*. Both were perfect masters of their business. They never let a joint

of meat scorch; they knew from the smell when it was done, and gave notice of this to the cook by barking.

Their work was no hardship to them; they took their turns at it, but with some difference, as the number of days are unequal, but that of the fast days equal. The cook's favourite was on duty every Monday and Wednesday; whereas his comrade's days were Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Friday and Saturday were holydays for both.

When once accustomed to this arrangement, they adhered to it with the utmost regularity. Men themselves submit cheerfully, and as a matter of course, to existing laws, so long as no violation of them is allowed by the higher powers.

One Wednesday, the dog whose turn it was, not being at hand, the cook would have employed the other which had been at work the preceding day in his stead. The latter, indignant at the injustice of this proceeding, snarled, ran away and crept into a corner. The cook followed. The dog growled more furiously and showed his teeth. The cook fetched a stick, on which the animal sprung up, ran out of the house, and posted away to the *Place Cambrai*, where he found his comrade at play with other companions of that quarter. He flew at him, pushed him away, drove him before him all the way home, brought him to the feet of the cook, and then looked calmly at him, as though he would have said—"Here is your dog—it is his turn, and not mine."

A shoe-black, who used to take his station before the entrance of the *Hotel de Nivernois*, had a great black poodle, which possessed the extraordinary talent of procuring custom for his master. This animal would dip his large woolly paw in the kennel, and tread with it upon the shoe of the first person that passed by. The shoe-black lost no time in offering his stool, with the invitation—"Please to have your shoes cleaned, sir?"

As long as he was engaged, the dog sat quietly by his side. It would then have been useless to bedaub the shoes of another passenger; but no sooner was the stool unoccupied than he played

the same trick as before. This sagacious dog and his master, who was always ready to oblige the servants at the hotel, became advantageously known in the court-yard and kitchen, whence their fame spread from mouth to mouth, till at length it reached the drawing-room.

A wealthy Englishman, who happened to be there, was desirous of seeing the dog and his master. They were called. He liked the dog so well that he wished to buy him, and offered first ten, and afterwards fifteen louis d'ors. The shoe-black was dazzled by the fifteen louis d'ors, and likewise somewhat fluttered by the distinguished company into which he was ushered. The dog was sold and delivered; the following day he was conveyed in a post-chaise to Dover, where he embarked with his new master, and arrived safe in London.

The shoe-black meanwhile bewailed the loss of his four-footed companion, and bitterly repented what he had done. How immoderate then was his joy, when,

on the fourteenth day, the dog came running to his old station, with dirtier paws than ever, and began with his wonted skill to bring custom to his master.

He had taken notice of the road from Paris to Calais; he had observed that the chaise was here exchanged for the packet, and that a third carriage proceeded from Dover to London. Most of these coaches performed the same journey back again. The dog had returned from his new master to the coach-office, whence he followed perhaps the same vehicle that had carried him to London, and was now going in the contrary direction to Dover. The packet conveyed him over again to Calais, and from that town he followed the diligence back to Paris.

I was myself an eye-witness of what passed before the door, and in the hotel, of the excellent Duke de Nivernois. The circumstances are recollected by all the inhabitants of the *Rour de Tournon*.

VISIT TO THE VALLEY AND FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE,

THE RETREAT OF PETRARCH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,
OBSERVING in your Magazine for the present month, Mr. Depping's Description of Petrarch's Villa at Arquà (Athenæum, Vol. 1. p. 210.) it has occurred to me that the following particulars of the retreat of the poet at Vaucluse, where so many of his youthful years were spent, and which was the scene of most of his sonnets, might not be deemed an uninteresting sequel by your readers. A warm admirer of the Italian language and of Italian poetry, I had visited during my stay in Italy last year the scene of the poet's final retirement, and the close of his singular and romantic passion with his life, and I can bear witness to the general accuracy of Mr. Depping's description. On my return to England a few weeks since through the south of France, I did not fail to turn aside to view the spot to which he at first retreated to dendeavour, tho' vainly it would seem, to stifle that passion then but just

conceived, and which was burning with unextinguishable ardour in his breast.

The Valley and Fountain of Vaucluse are situated in that range of mountains which bound the fertile plain of the Comtat, and are about the distance of 16 English miles from Avignon. On setting out from this city, after passing over a small tract partly cultivated and partly barren, the traveller ascends a mountain of moderate size, and reaching its summit beholds at his feet the rich plain which I have mentioned, interspersed with towns and villages; among the former of which L'Isle and Carpentras stand conspicuous, and by their white buildings enbosomed in the verdure of the plain form very striking and picturesque objects. Beyond L'Isle, a dark shade among the mountains, caused by the interstice which forms the valley, points out where is the object of his visit. Across the first part of the plain are considerable numbers of olive and mulber-

ry trees ; the latter are used for the sole purpose of supplying the silk-worms with their leaves. L'Isle is an insignificant place, surrounded by a wall, and round it flows the sparkling stream of the Sorgue, forming an island ; from which circumstance it derives its name. On the outside of the town is a small hotel for the accommodation of visitors, and the commercial travellers who occasionally resort hither on business connected with its manufactures. Vaucluse is about four miles from this spot, and the route is easily traced by the Sorgue which flows from the entrance of the defile, which at first could not be immediately perceived. Here the valley appears of moderate breadth ; the upper part of the mountains, though bare, are, nevertheless, clothed towards the base with mulberry and olive trees, and the meadows on the banks of the Sorgue are peculiarly verdant and refreshing to the eye accustomed to a country where pasture land is not common ; while the river, perfectly limpid where the stream is uninterrupted, is covered with a kind of azure foam when it breaks over the opposing masses of rock which occasionally interrupt its course. As the village is approached, the defile becomes narrower, the mountains higher and more barren, the river more rapid and violent, till at length, on turning a corner formed by a projecting mass, the small groupe of houses of which it is composed appear at the foot of a barren rock, crowned with the ruins of a castle. A short distance further all cultivation ceases ; and at the foot of a perpendicular rock of prodigious height, which closes the valley, is the *fountain of Vaucluse*, hence called Vaucluse (*Vallis Clausa*.) The fountain issues from a cave hollowed by nature under the rock, and the waters continually vary in height. When they are low, which was the case when I saw the fountain, they are inclosed in the basin which occupies all the interior of the cave, and the natural vault, the existence of which the traveller would not otherwise have suspected, can be distinctly observed. The surface is calm and unruffled, tho' the water escapes in prodigious quantities and with great force from a subterraneous opening some hundred yards from the

spring, and the stream in its course receives the tribute of several minor sources which gush from the rock on each side ; but after heavy rains the ordinary vent is insufficient—the waters rise, and bursting from the basin, rush over the rocks, form a cascade, and by the foam and waves deprive the spectator of the view of the lower opening.

From this the naturalist will perceive that this spring is not without some marks of singularity ; and accordingly the increase and decrease of its waters have been diligently noticed. Two inscriptions record the greatest height and depth to which, at least in modern times, the waters have risen and sunk. In 1683 they were very low, and the then vice-legate (the Comtat being at that time a part of the papal territory) caused one of these inscriptions to be cut in the rock at the level of the water. The other, which commemorates the greatest height, is on the left of the fountain about four feet from the bank—

“ Hunc super ingentem solitus fons crescere
concham

Octaginta octo palmos decrescere visus

XXIII. Mart. Ann. M.DC.LXXXIII.

Franciscus Nicolinus Aven. cui cura guberni
est

Decrementum intus futura secula notavit.”

From it we also learn, that the difference between the extreme height and depth of the waters has been 88 palms or about 70 feet.

There are some other phenomena which might be noticed, but it is not necessary to trouble you with them, and I proceed to consider the scene in its most interesting light—as the selected retreat of the elegant and tender Petrarch.

Hoc procul aspexi secreto in litore saxum,
Naufragiis tutumque meis aptumque putavi ;
Hoc modo veladedi : nunc montibus abditus
istis,

Flens mecum è numero transacti temporis
annos. Lib. i. Epist. 7.

All vestiges of the house which he occupied are said to have been destroyed in 1335 by a band of robbers then infesting those parts, who, after having pillaged, burnt it ; but it is supposed to have stood between the castle and the village. The former, of which the ruins are still extant, is styled by the inhabitants of the latter *Le Chateau de Petrarque*, but there is no

reason for supposing that he resided there, and in fact that edifice belonged to the Bishops of Cavaillon, lords of Vaucluse. A little to the left, beyond a dark passage cut thro' the rock which forms the principal entrance of the village, there is a garden and a small meadow bounded on one side by the Sorgue. This is called *Le Jardin de Petrarque*, and in the garden are some laurels, which the elder inhabitants of the valley declare to have been successors of former plants, which it is considered possible the poet might have planted. Here is also a natural grotto, narrow towards the bottom, and in such a direction that the rays of the sun cannot enter it. The description of Petrarch himself seems to apply to this spot—

Pars amne profundo

Cingitur, ad partem præruptis rupibus ambit
Mons gelidus, calidumque jugis obversus ad
austrum

Hic medio ruit umbra die, &c.

Lib. Epist. 3 :

and to the grotto in his garden he frequently refers as being the scene of his studies.

In many of his letters also the poet speaks in rapturous terms of the charms of this valley ; and like his great poetical predecessors, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, adverts to the lasting celebrity of his writings, and the importance which they had conferred and were afterwards to confer to the spot—"Qui per se olim notus (says he) meo longo post modum incolatu, meisque carminibus notior"—and again, "Quid usque nunc loco illi non dicam clarius, sed certe notius incolatu meo accidit ; opinari ausim, apud multos, non minus illum meo nomine, quam suo, miro licet fonte, cognosci."

But it is with regard to his ardent and hopeless passion which inspired so many of the elegant and tender strains of his sonnets that these shades are so generally interesting. He first retreated thither, as he tells us, "juvenilem æstum qui me multos annos torruit, sperans illis umbraculis lenire, eo jam inde ab adolescentia sæpe confugere, velut in arcem munitissimam, solebam," and consequently to avoid, instead of to meet the object of his affections, as is frequently

supposed, though Laura was born, and her residence at one time was in this part of the country.

I'ho pien di sospir quest'aer tutto
D'aspri colli mirando il dolce piano,
Ove nacque colci, ch'avendo in mano
Mio Cor, in sul fiorire, e'n sul far frutto.

Son. 246.

How ineffectual his attempts were to banish the beloved image of his mistress from his mind, we find in his 27th Sonnet—

Ma pun si aspre vie, ne si selvagge
Cercar non so, ch'Amor non venga sempre
Ragionando con meco, ed Io con lui.

and again in the 239th—

Or in forma di Ninfa, o d'altra Diva,
Che del piu chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
E pongasi a seder' in sulla Riva ;

Or l'ho veduta su per l'erba fresca
Ealcare i fior, com'una Donna viva,
Mostrando in vista, che di me l'incresca :

and the sorrows which he endured and so plaintively sings in the 246th—

Non e sterpo, ne sasso in questi monti ;
Non ramo, o fronda verde in quete piagge ;
Non fior' in gieste valli, o foglia d'erba ;
Stilla d'acqua non vien di questi fonti ;
Ne fiere han questi boschi si selvagge ;
Che non sappian quant'e mia pena acerba.

I notice last, because to me it was the circumstance least interesting, the column erected in honour of the poet in front of the fountain ; not but that it is grateful to see distinguished talents honoured by posterity ; but I could not but join in the general condemnation of the incorrect taste which could place a pillar, handsome in its size and proportions, the latter being after those of the famous Trajan column, at the foot of a perpendicular rock of 6 or 700 feet in height, by which contrast it is rendered in appearance so diminutive as to be almost ridiculous. There are few, I think, who will not coincide with the superior taste of those who, at the time of its erection, proposed that it should be raised on the banks of the river, on the spot so generally supposed to have been the garden of Petrarch. The column bears no inscription.

B. D.

Feb. 10, 1817.

DECEPTIONS RESPECTING THE OOPAS, OR POISON TREE OF JAVA.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE island of Java affords a striking demonstration of that spirit of improvement, enterprize and research which distinguishes our countrymen in whatever region of the globe they may be placed. It is not too much to assert that the efforts of Englishmen, during the few years that we were in possession of that interesting island have done more towards diffusing just notions, and correcting erroneous opinions concerning it than those of the Dutch during the space of two centuries. To this desirable object the formation of a *Society of Arts and Sciences at Batavia*, and the publication of its *Transactions*, together with the patronage and influence of Mr. Raffles, the late enlightened lieutenant-governor have most materially contributed. The last volume of the *Transactions* of this Society (the seventh) contains *An Essay on the Oopas or Poison Tree of Java*, by Dr. THOMAS HORSFIELD, which is peculiarly interesting on account of the gross and imprudent imposition practised on the scientific world by the description of it published in Holland, about the year 1780.

The history and origin of this celebrated forgery still remain a mystery. Foersch, who put his name to the publication, was a surgeon in the Dutch East-India Company's service. Having hastily picked up some vague information concerning the oopas, he carried it to Europe, where his notes were arranged, doubtless by a different hand, in such a form, as by their plausibility and appearance of truth, to be generally credited. It is in no small degree surprising that so palpable a falsehood should have been asserted with so much boldness, and have remained so long without refutation—or that a subject of a nature so curious, and so easily investigated, relating to its principal colony, should not have been enquired into, and corrected by the naturalists of the mother country.

To a person in any degree acquainted with the geography of the island, with

the manners of the Princes of Java, and their relation to the Dutch government at that period, or with its internal history during the last fifty years, the first glance at the account of Foersch must have evinced its falsity and misrepresentation.

But, tho' the account just mentioned, in so far as relates to the situation of the poison tree, to its effects on the surrounding country, and to the application said to have been made of the oopas on criminals in different parts of the island, as well as the description of the poisonous substance itself, and its mode of collection, has been demonstrated to be an extravagant forgery,—the existence of a tree on Java, from whose sap a poison is prepared, equal in fatality, when thrown into the circulation, to the strongest animal poisons hitherto known, is a fact, which is fully established by the author of the present paper.

The tree which produces this poison is called *antshar*, and grows in the eastern extremity of the island.

The work of Rumphius contains a long account of the oopas, under the denomination of *arbor toxicaria*: the tree does not grow on Amboina, and his description was made from the information he obtained from Macassar.

His figure was drawn from a branch of that which is called the male tree, sent to him from the same place, and established the identity of the poison tree of Macassar and the other eastern islands with the *antshar* of Java.

The account of this author is too extensive to be abridged in this place; it concentrates all that has till lately been published on this subject. It is highly interesting, as it gives an account of the effects of the poisoned darts, formerly employed in the wars of the eastern islands, on the human system, and of the remedies by which their effect was counteracted and cured.

The simple sap of the *arbor toxicaria* (according to Rumphius,) is harmless

and requires the addition of ginger and several substances analogous to it, to render it active and mortal. In so far it agrees with the antshar, which, in its simple state, is supposed to be inert; and before being used as a poison, is subjected to a preparation, which will be described after the history of the tree. The same effervescence and boiling which occurs on the mixture of the substances added to the milky juice by the Javanese in Blambangan, has been observed in the preparation of the poison of Macassar, and in proportion to the violence of these effects the poison is supposed to be active.

Besides the true poison tree, the oopas of the eastern islands, and the antshar of the Javanese, Java produces a shrub, which, as far as observations have hitherto been made, is peculiar to the same, and, by a different mode of preparation, furnishes a poison far exceeding the oopas in violence. Its name is *tshettik*.

The antshar is one of the largest trees in the forest of Java. The stem is cylindrical, perpendicular, and rises completely naked to the height of sixty, seventy, or eighty feet. It is covered with a whitish bark, slightly bursting in longitudinal furrows: near the ground this bark is, in old trees, more than half an inch thick, and, upon being wounded, yields plentifully the milky juice from which the celebrated poison is prepared. A puncture or incision being made in the tree, the juice or sap appears oozing out, of a yellowish colour: from old trees, paler; and nearly white from young ones: when exposed to the air, its surface becomes brown. The consistence very much resembles milk, only it is thicker, and viscid. This sap is contained in the true bark (or cortex,) which, when punctured, yields a considerable quantity; so that, in a short time, a cup full may be collected from a large tree.

Previous to the season of flowering, about the beginning of June, the tree sheds its leaves, which re-appear when the male flowers have completed the office of fecundation. It delights in a fertile and not very elevated soil, and is only found in the largest forests. Dr.

H. first met with it (the antshar) in the province of Poegar, on his way to Banjoowangee. In clearing the new grounds in the environs of Banjoowangee for cultivation, it is with much difficulty the inhabitants can be made to approach the tree, as they dread the cutaneous eruption which it is known to produce when newly cut down. But, except when the tree is largely wounded, or when it is felled, by which a large portion of the juice is disengaged, the effluvia of which, mixing with the atmosphere, affect, the person exposed to it with the symptoms just mentioned, the tree may be approached and ascended like the other common trees in the forests.

The antshar, Dr. H. observes, like the trees in its neighbourhood, is on all sides surrounded by shrubs and plants: in no instance have I observed the ground naked or barren in its immediate circumference.

The largest tree I met with in Blambangan was so closely environed by the common trees and shrubs of the forest in which it grew, that it was with difficulty I could approach it. And at the time I visited the tree, and collected the juice, I was forcibly struck with the egregious misrepresentation of Foersch. Several young trees spontaneously sprung from seeds that had fallen from the parent, reminded me of a line in Darwin's Botanic Garden,

'Chain'd at his root two scion demons dwell.'

While in re-calling his beautiful description of the oopas, my vicinity to the tree gave me reason to rejoice that it is founded on fiction.

The *tshettik* is a large winding shrub. In large individuals it has a diameter of two or three inches, covered with a reddish brown bark, containing a juice of the same colour, of a peculiar pungent, and somewhat nauseous odour. From this bark the poison is prepared. It is very rarely met with, even in the wildernesses of Blambangan.

The process of preparing the antshar was performed for me by an old Javanese, who was celebrated for his superior skill in preparing the poison. About eight ounces of the juice of the antshar, which had been collected the preceding

evening, in the usual manner, and preserved in the joint of a bamboo, was carefully strained into a bowl. The sap of the following substances, which had been finely grated and bruised, was carefully pressed and poured into it, viz.—Arum, Nampoo, (Javanese,) Kaemferia, Galanga, Kontshur, Amomum, Bengley, (a variety of zerumbed,) common onion and garlic, of each about half a drachm; the same quantity of finely powdered black pepper was then added, and the mixture stirred.

The preparer now took an entire fruit of the capsicum fruticosum or Guinea pepper, and, having opened it, he carefully separated a single seed, and placed it on the fluid in the middle of the bowl.

The seed immediately began to reel round rapidly, now forming a regular circle, then darting towards the margin of the cup, with a perceptible commotion on the surface of the liquor, which continued about one minute. Being completely at rest, the same quantity of pepper was again added, and another seed of the capsicum laid on as before; a similar commotion took place in the fluid, but in a less degree, and the seed was carried round with diminished rapidity. The addition of the same quantity of pepper was repeated a third time, when a seed of the capsicum being carefully placed in the centre of the fluid, remained quiet, forming a regular circle about itself, in the fluid, resembling the halo of the moon. This is considered as a sign that the preparation of the poison is complete.

The tshettik is prepared by separating the bark of the root, and boiling it, and after separating the bark from the water, exposing the extract to the fire till it is about the consistence of sirup. After this, the preparation is the same as of the antshar.

An account of 26 experiments is detailed by Dr. Horsfield, on which he remarks, that he has selected from a large number of experiments, those only which are particularly demonstrative of the effects of the antshar and of the tshettik, when introduced into the circulation. The poison was always applied by a pointed dart or arrow, made of bamboo.

The operation of the two different

poisons on the animal system is essentially different.

The first 17 experiments were made with the antshar; the rapidity of its effect depends, in a great degree, on the size of the vessels wounded, and on the quantity of poison carried into the circulation.

In the first experiment, it induced death in 26 minutes,—in the second, in 13 minutes. The poison from different parts of the island has been found nearly equal in activity.

The common train of symptoms is, a trembling and shivering of the extremities, restlessness, discharges from the bowels, drooping and faintness, slight spasms and convulsions, hasty breathing, an increased flow of saliva, spasmodic contractions of the pectoral and abdominal muscles, retching, vomiting, excremental vomiting, frothy vomiting, great agony, laborious breathing, violent and repeated convulsions, death.

The effects are nearly the same on quadrupeds, in whatever part of the body the wound is made. It sometimes acts with so much force, that not all the symptoms enumerated are observed.

The oopas appears to affect different quadrupeds with nearly equal force, proportionate, in some degree, to their size and disposition. To dogs it proved mortal, in most experiments, within an hour. A mouse died in ten minutes; a monkey in seven minutes; a cat in fifteen minutes.

A buffalo, one of the largest quadrupeds of the island, died in two hours and ten minutes, though the quantity of poison introduced in this experiment was proportioned to that which was thrown into the system in the experiments on smaller animals.

If the simple or unprepared sap is mixed with the extract of tobacco or stramonium, (instead of the spices mentioned in the account of the preparation,) it is rendered equally, perhaps more, active.

Even the pure juice, unmixed and unprepared, appears to act with a force equal to that which has undergone the preparative process, according to the manner of the Javanese at Blambagan.

Birds are very differently affected by this poison. Fowls have a peculiar capacity to resist its effects. A fowl died 24 hours after the wound; others have recovered after being partially affected.

In regard to the experiments made with the poison prepared from tshettik, its operation is far more violent and rapid than that of the antshar, and it affects the animal system in a different manner; while the antshar operates chiefly on the stomach, and alimentary canal, the respiration and circulation, the tshettik is determined to the brain and nervous system.*

A relative comparison of the appearances on dissection, demonstrates, in a striking manner, the peculiar operation of each.

After the previous symptoms of faintness, drowsiness, and slight convulsions, it acts by a sudden impulse, which, like a violent apoplexy, prostrates at once the whole nervous system.

In the two experiments, this sudden effect took place in the sixth minute after the wound; and in another, on the seventh minute, the animals suddenly started, fell down head foremost, and continued in convulsions till death ensued.

This poison affects fowls in a much more violent manner than that of the antshar, death having frequently occurred within the space of a minute after the puncture with a poisoned dart.

The simple unmixed decoction of the bark of the root of the tshettik is nearly as active as the posion prepared according to the process above related.

The resinous portion of the bark is by no means so active as the particles soluble in water.

Taken into the stomach of quadrupeds, the tshettik likewise acts as a most violent poison, but it requires about twice the period to produce the same ef-

fect which a wound produces; but the stomachs of fowls resist its operation.

The poison of the antshar does by no means act so violently on quadrupeds as that of the tshettik. Dr. H. observes he gave it to a dog; it produced at first nearly the same symptoms as a puncture; oppression of the head, twitchings, faintness, laborious respiration, violent contraction of the pectoral and abdominal muscles, an increased flow of saliva, vomiting, great restlessness and agony, &c. which continued nearly two hours; but, after the complete evacuation of the stomach by vomiting, the animal gradually recovered.

Rumphius asserts, that a small quantity may be taken internally as a medicine.

In animals killed by the antshar, the large vessels in the thorax, aërto and venæ cavæ, were in every instance, found in an excessive degree of distension: the viscera in the vicinity of the source of circulation, especially the lungs, were uniformly filled in a preternatural degree with blood, which in this viscus, and the aërta, still retained a florid colour, and was completely oxygenated. On puncturing these vessels, it bounded out with the elasticity and spring of life. The vessels of the liver, of the stomach, and intestines, and of the viscera of the abdomen in general, were also more than naturally distended, but not in the same degree as those of the breast. In the cavity of the abdomen, a small quantity of serum was sometimes effused.

The stomach was always distended with air, and in those instances in which the action of the poison was gradual, and in which vomiting supervened in course of the symptoms, its internal coat was covered with froth.

The brain indicated less of the action of the poison, than the viscera of the thorax and abdomen. In some instances it was perfectly natural—in others, marks of a small degree of inflammation were discovered.

An undulatory motion of the skin, and of the divided muscles, was very evident in some of the dissected animals.

The appearances observed in the animals destroyed by the tshettik were

* Mr. Brodie, in a paper on vegetable poisons, (Phil. Trans. 1811.) has given an account of some experiments made by him, with the *upas antiar*, from Java, furnished by Mr. Marsden, from which it appears, that, when inserted in a wound, it produces death, (as infusion of tobacco does, when injected into the intestines,) by rendering the heart insensible to the stimulus of the blood, and stopping the circulation.

very different. In a number of dissections, the viscera of the thorax and abdomen were found nearly in a natural state, and the large vessels of the thorax exhibited that condition in which they are usually found after death from other poisons.

But the brain and the dura mater shewed marks of a most violent and excessive affection. In some instances the inflammation and redness of the dura mater was so strong, that on first inspection, Dr. H. supposed it to be the consequence of a blow previously received, until he found, by repeated examinations, that this is a universal appearance after death from *tshettik*.

Rumphius had an opportunity of personally observing the effect of the poisoned darts or arrows on the human system, as they were used by the natives of Macassar, in their attack on Amboina, about the year 1650.

Speaking of their operation, he says, the poison, touching the warm blood, is instantly carried through the whole body, so that it may be felt in all veins, and causes an excessive burning, and violent turning in the head, which is followed by fainting and death.

After having proved mortal to many of the Dutch soldiers in Amboina and

Macassar, they are said to have finally discovered an almost infallible remedy in the root of the *Crinum asiaticum*, (called by Rumphius, *radix toxicaria*,) which if timely applied, counteracted, by its violent emetic effect, the force of the *oopas*.

An intelligent Javanese informed Dr. Horsfield, that an inhabitant was wounded in a clandestine manner, by an arrow thrown from the blow pipe, in the fore arm, near the articulation of the elbow. In about fifteen minutes he became drowsy, after which he was seized with vomiting, became delirious, and in less than half an hour he died.

The intelligent reader will not fail to remark the extraordinary resemblance, as well in regard to the plant itself, which yields the second of the poisons here described, as to its preparation and use, subsisting between the *tshettik* and the *wourah* of the Indians of Guiana, a curious account of which was given in our 35th No. [Ath. p. 339.] The existence of a practice so similar in two such distant quarters may afford a subject for interesting speculation to those who are fond of investigating the origin of the different nations scattered over the surface of the globe.

POETICAL CHARACTER OF AKENSIDE, THOMSON, &c.

From the Monthly Magazine.

“**T**HE Pleasures of Imagination,” although disfigured by verbosity, and written in a style abundantly too ornate, is a poem which cannot fail of being perused with pleasure. In description, AKENSIDE is not happy: he labours to supply, by an elaborate accumulation of splendid epithets and gorgeous sentences, that freshness and richness of landscape which is to be seen nowhere but in Nature, and in the productions of those artists by whom Nature has been most closely copied. The superior effect of unsophisticated simplicity in description has been triumphantly shewn in our own times by the “Poet of Cumberland.” Neither in abstract imagery is Akenside successful: his metaphors are confused, and his pic-

tures in general vague and indistinct. But the praise due to the author of “the Pleasures of Imagination” is on account of the beauty, justness, and sometimes sublimity, of his sentiments; the exalted spirit of independence which breathes throughout his writings; and the ease and elegance with which he clothes moral precepts in the most flowing and harmonious versification.

THOMSON is an author whose merits and defects have not been very accurately balanced—for, while some have exalted him to the right hand of Milton, others have placed him among the herd of imitators. Truth, in this instance, as in so many others, lies between the extremes;—in style he is an imitator, and a bad imitator, of Milton; but he has

nothing else in common with him. His descriptions are pictures of Nature, most accurately and strongly drawn, but they want the glow of imagination, which should raise them to a level with their prototypes. Nature, however faithfully copied, is not all we expect from the poet, for the copies will always want innumerable graces, which are to be found in the original; these it is the business of the poet to supply from the abundant sources of imagination. Thomson saw the beauties of Nature, but he did not feel their invincible and undefinable associations. When Shakspeare paints Nature, every hill and every glen swarms with spirits; if he looks into a cowslip-bell, he discovers the "delicate Ariel" nestling there; the hills on which his eye is feasting are "heaven-kissing hills;" and even the very air which he breathes "smells wooingly." So, too, when Milton points out to us the beauties of Nature, we perceive that "millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth;" we hear voices "sole or responsive each to other's note," and the moon appears as—

"One who had been led astray
Thro' the heaven's wide pathless way."

It is such "fine frenzies" as these which charm us in the poetry of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Wordsworth; and the want of which is the great defect of Thomson. He pleases the reader, but does not astonish him; he sports on the surface of Nature but never plunges into her mysteries; his pictures are accurate, they are beautiful, they form a brilliant and gorgeous temple, but they want the presence of the inspiring Deity which alone can hallow and consecrate the fane.

—YOUNG is the sublimest of poets since Milton: he astonishes principally by the grandeur and gloom of his abstracted imagery. The passage beginning, "Oh treacherous conscience while she seems to sleep," is too trite for quotation; but I know of nothing which surpasses it, except that fine poetical exclamation of Shakspeare's Richard II. "Within the hollow crown that rounds the mortal temples of a king," &c. Young moves

in gloom—it is his residence, his element; when he quits it, and attempts more cheerful and engaging pictures, he fails. This forms his most striking dissimilarity from Milton, with whom he has sometimes been compared; he may occasionally approach him in the terrible and the gloomy, but the poet of *Paradise Lost* knew every chord in the instrument, and could touch them all with a master's hand. Young when he would be tender is turgid, when he would be gentle is insipid. Those parts of his *Night Thoughts* which are purely didactic have been much praised, and, perhaps, beyond their merit; for in too many instances the matter is commonplace, and the style declamatory.

The "Task of Cowper" is the finest didactic poem in our language;—simplicity of style, energy of sentiment, and richness of imagination, are the rare characteristics of this original production. His satire is of the most caustic kind; it stops not at the little follies and imperfections which flutter over life, and darken the surface, but cuts deep into the root of vice, and hunts after her in the inmost recesses of the heart. His domestic pictures are enchanting; they sparkle with the vivid and unfading colourings of Nature; they have the ease and familiarity of Horace, without his grossness. The Roman bard is seldom without his bottle or his mistress; Cowper is surrounded by the endearments of friendship, and the feast of intellect. Another characteristic, which must not be passed over, is his honest and manly indignation at that pernicious system which has caused so much of the misery which has afflicted the world. The following lines furnish a lesson which should never be forgotten—

"War's a game which, were their subjects
wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do
well

To extort their truncheons from the puny grasp
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil,
Because men suffer them, their toy, the world."

HENRY NEELE.

Kentish-Town, April 4, 1817.

UNSUCCESSFUL MACHINATIONS ;

OR, THE CASTLE OF DUNANACHY.*

An interesting Tale of other Times.

“ As flies the inconstant sun over Larmen’s grassy hill, so pass the tales of old along my soul by night. It is the voice of years that are gone : they roll before me with all their deeds,”
 OSSIAN.

TWICE had he visited Dunanachy, and for the second time repaired again to England, when, “ in some few weeks after his departure, intelligence reached the inhabitants of the castle, that the Earl had espoused the daughter of an English nobleman, with whom, and a numerous party of their acquaintance and relations, it was their intention to visit Scotland ; and for that purpose orders were issued, and workmen instantly employed, to put the castle and its environs in the highest possible state of repair, to new furnish such apartments as were intended for the use of the new Countess, and to remove from sight every article which had belonged to her predecessor, or been in use in the suite of rooms, she usually occupied at Dunanachy. In a word, all was bustle, hurry, expectation, and anticipated pleasure on the part of the domestics, while the feelings of Malvina were various, and such as might naturally be expected to arise in the youthful bosom at one moment looking forward with lively hope to a share in the innocent amusements natural to her years and gaiety of disposition, at the next experiencing a thousand fears and apprehensions, lest she should not give satisfaction to her new mother, and feeling a saddening reflection at the idea of her father’s strict prohibition of a single article belonging to her own mother, being permitted to remain in its place. “ Ah ! ” thought she, “ this gay new bride has completely superseded the recollection of the virtues and excellencies of my dear departed parent, and perhaps she, too, will rob the poor Malvina of the remains of a father’s confidence and love. Alas ! I feel rejoiced when I think that my father will be happy, far happier than he has appeared since death bereft him of my sainted mother ; yet I know not how it is, but my mind is not at ease. A troubled joy rises in my

mind, like the red path of the lightning on a stormy cloud. O my mother, dear are you still to my recollection ; dear you will ever be to the bosom of your Malvina ; the memory of your virtues steals across my soul like the opening beams of the morning, like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful ; they dwell within my heart like the gale of the spring, that sighs in the hunter’s ear, when he wakes from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirits of the hill.”

Surprise not pleasure, dwelt upon the features of Mrs. Douglas, when informed of Lord Dunanachy’s espousal of the Lady Gertrude Davenport. She had long perceived his indifference towards Malvina ; she had trembled for her happiness and for her interest, and had suffered much apprehension. Now she experienced a thousand fears for both. Personally she knew not Lady Gertrude, but she had frequently heard of her from the correspondents both in Scotland and in England, who transmitted her the news of either capital, and enlivened her retirement by regular details of what was passing in the theatre, where she herself had once performed a part, and became acquainted with the principal actors of the various dramas which, as in more modern times, were composed of a heterogeneous mixture of characters, strutting and fretting their hour upon the stage ; some good, some bad, some virtuous, and some profligate.

Of Lady Gertrude Davenport she had often heard ; but no part of her friend’s communications had tended to impress her with a high opinion of her Ladyship’s worth or talents. Beautiful she was said to be ; but it was invariably added she was vain, haughty, selfish, violent, and devoted to pleasure ; nearly thirty years the junior of the Earl, who was then in the fifty-second year, and so completely the slave of fashion, and all

* See Ath. Vol. 1. p. 304.

amusements unsuitable to the age of his Lordship, that she appeared, and indeed was generally thought to be the most unfit partner he could possibly have selected.

The die, was however cast, and Mrs. Douglas, ever prudent and discreet in all her sentiments and conduct, conceived it her duty to endeavour to impress Malvina with a favourable opinion of the new Countess, and by suppressing the greatest part of what she knew of her Ladyship, preclude the possibility of his daughter's looks even conveying a reproach to her father for having committed an act of indiscretion, in espousing a woman much more suited to become the companion of his child, than as the Countess of Dunanachy to preside as her stepmother, and exercise the authority of a parent over her actions. But folly sets no limits to her empire; universal dominion is her aim, and thus we must acknowledge it as a melancholy truth, she finds, in all ranks and classes of society, in every age and every turn of temper too large a proportion of mankind inclined to become her followers. It is not therefore surprising, that even Lord Dunanachy, though admitted to possess a superior understanding, was induced to add to the train whom folly leads along. "Flattery," as Sterne says, "is a delicious essence, which refreshes and invigorates the soul," and unquestionably is a weakness to which all mortals are in some degree subservient. Lady Gertrude was young in years, but she was mature in cunning, and had the art of taking advantage of the foibles of others. Soon she discovered that the Earl was assailable on the score of flattery; and she failed not to administer the "delicious essence" with judgment and ultimate success.

Her attentions pleased, her assurances of regard were credited, and with a vanity pardonable only in a youth of nineteen, he really believed that the gay, the volatile, the admired votary of fashion, the beautiful Lady Gertrude Davenport, preferred the Earl of Dunanachy, a man some years older than even her own father, to any of the courtly youths who sighed and followed in her train;

that she loved him for himself alone, nor felt a moment's joy at the thought of becoming a Countess, and wife to one of the richest peers of the realm. O vanity of vanities! Lady Gertrude loathed, detested the person of Lord Dunanachy. Of real affection she was incapable; she fancied she had loved, and assuredly had given a decided preference to more than one of her admirers, even to the utmost bounds of lawless love and pleasure; but, with the pure passion as it inhabits the bosom of modesty, she was unacquainted. Her passions were violent; she had found them ungovernable; but she had sufficient cunning and address to veil her criminality, and hide the depravity of her disposition beneath the mark of innocence and simplicity: Little gifted by fortune she had been from childhood taught to consider a splendid alliance as the goal to which all her views were to be directed. Her heart was the seat of pride, and avarice a ruling feature in her disposition. The Earl of Dunanachy was the wealthiest of her suitors. Interest, that governing principle of a large proportion of the human race, swayed her in favour of his offers. She spread her snares to engage his affections, and he was soon entangled in her toils. Her own and her family's schemes and wishes were successful, and she became the Countess of Dunanachy, the boundless ruler of the haughty Earl, the sovereign director of his proud, imperious will, without his being sensible he had lost a particle of his former power. The gay bridal train, attended by a numerous retinue of servants, and a large party of what the world calls friends, arrived at the Castle of Dunanachy, whose courts, so late the scene of gloomy stillness became the gay resort of crowds, who wore, at least, the outward show of joy and pleasure. Those lofty apartments, so late the abode of dulness, now shone with splendour, and re-echoed with sounds of merriment and festivity. Again the voice of sprightly mirth arose: the trembling harps of joy were strung; bards sung the battle of heroes; the night passed away in song, and brought back the morning of joy.—*La Belle Assem.* 1817.

such indeed should be the case, and that the taste for cards should decline in proportion to the progress of refinement is not surprising; but considering the nature of cards, it is only astonishing that such an amusement should ever have prevailed in rational society, or have drawn from the reasonable and reflecting any other considerations but those of aversion and contempt. That there should be those, however, many of them men of the highest talents and respectability, who will not only approve such a recreation by their example, but, at the same time, sanction it by their recommendation, is still more wonderful; and it is difficult to conjecture on what grounds their approbation can be founded: they state the moderate use of cards to be a rational, harmless, and agreeable pastime; but from whence do they draw the inference? Such an opinion must rather be derived from habit than founded on reflection. With respect to the *rationality* of the amusement, one would imagine that the sitting down for a series of hours, occupied in little else than the counting of pips and jumbling together of fifty-two pieces of painted pasteboard, to the utter exclusion of all rational conversation, one would naturally suppose that an attachment to such a method of filling-up time could not add much to the rationality or dignity of a sentient being. What, O ye advocates for cards, what would be the opinion of a Plato or a Socrates concerning you, could he but descend upon earth, and behold you thus occupied?

And next, as to the *harmlessness* of cards. If the stake be large, the vicious principles of such an amusement cannot be questioned for a moment: and if it be small, the spirit is still the same. It tends equally to irritate the temper and equally excites the passions. Those who lose will feel disappointment at their loss; and though they may not regard the sum, their pride is humbled at defeat; whilst, on the contrary, those that win, encouraged at their success, are too frequently decoyed into the love of an amusement, which increasing by habit, at length terminates in vice and ruin. Cards in moderation are only another term for the nursery of gaming—Here is

it that our youth, initiated in this school, imbibe the fatal spirit; and he whom we once beheld sitting down to the tables, for the passing an idle hour in an innocent recreation, pursuing it as a trade, is now seen at his last stake ruined in his resources, and weltering in his blood.

But laying aside the pernicious tendency of cards, let us now consider their *agreeableness*. Does it then consist in our winnings? The stake that is lost, though it might not be an object to us, may possibly be an inconvenience to our adversary; and whatever is gained to ourselves is taken from our friends; such is the agreeableness of winning. But to be pleased with our defeat is impossible—if our losses are not felt as a pecuniary inconvenience, yet the disposal of our time and money in so useless and unsatisfactory a manner cannot be at least an agreeable reflection. From what source, then, do we derive our amusement? Is it from that feverish disposition of mind, that peevishness of temper, or that spirit of contradiction, which cards are so calculated to excite, and which so frequently separate the best friends, and produce the worst consequence? But independently of this, to a mind of any scope, the obligation of bestowing its attention upon a pursuit so frivolous and unmeaning, must of itself, be a great restraint! and the compulsion of sitting down for the space of so many hours, in the same posture, to a body in health, a great discomfort and confinement. So that in what the agreeableness of this recreation consists it is difficult to imagine.

Taking into consideration, indeed, the nature of cards in general, one would think that it were impossible for any thing but a weak and sordid mind to delight in so servile and idle a pleasure; a method of amusement that must be considered by the rational rather as a toil than a pleasure, a drudgery than an amusement: in young minds, in particular, there is nothing which betrays so unhappy a turn as a preference for such a recreation; a recreation beneath the notice of sentient minds; only fitted for the amusement of the deaf and crippled, the feeble and superannuated; in short for such intellects only as are incapacita-

ted, by reason of their infirmities, for the enjoyment of more rational entertainment; and better were it for these to do nothing, or even to sleep away their

time, than engage themselves in an occupation so detrimental, as an example, to the young, and so derogatory to the dignity of the old.

THE DRAMA.

From the Literary Gazette.

Mr. Editor,

THE astonishing ability shewn by Mr. Kean in those particular characters that call forth the natural energies of this great actor, is a subject that must always interest while the British stage continues to possess its present influence over the manners and conduct of society. That a man so little physically gifted by nature, as respects voice and person, should thus command universal attention, and receive the plaudits of admiring thousands, is a demonstrative proof of the undeniable merit that he must possess; and whatever the envious part of mankind (for envy it must be) may assert in contradiction to this statement, I must frankly confess, that no actor since the days of Garrick has so justly elicited the notice of the public by his wonderful powers. It is my intention, Sir, with your permission, to dilate a little upon this subject, for the purpose of proving him one of those extraordinary men that are so rarely seen, and who, when they do appear shed a brilliancy that the lapse of ages cannot extinguish. His peculiar power of electrifying his audience by one of those sudden starts and bursts of passion which come home to the feeling of every human being and cause us almost involuntarily to rise and applaud: if this be not a strong proof of his ability, by what criterion are we to judge of the merits of an actor? But we need not be astonished, when even the immortal Ræscius that preceded him had enemies daring enough to depreciate his unrivalled performance. How much more has Kean then to contend against, when it is considered that nature has not bestowed upon him those external qualifications that other performers, at various periods, have so pre-eminently possessed! It is truly gratifying to think that Kean has so completely surmounted these defects by the transcendent efforts of his powerful intellect. What man is

there that can (impartially speaking) deny him merit, and that of the highest kind? He is not one of those meteors who for a short period dazzle with their brilliancy and then are seen no more; his fame rests upon the strong and immutable basis of public opinion, against whose judgement there is no appeal. He has now, I believe, been nearly four years before a British audience, and is still followed by all the real lovers of good acting: those who admire the true school of nature (in opposition to the more laborious acting of John Kemble) will find a most excellent transcript of it in Mr. Kean's performance. It has been remarked by some of his opponents, that there wants variety in his performance—in short, that his acting is of too confined a nature, and that he only occasionally shews the actor in the more violent tumults and agitations of the soul. That he does not possess that universality and equality in his performance which so much distinguished his great predecessor, I am ready to allow; but in those particular traits, where the hidden and more malignant passions of the soul are suddenly and unexpectedly to be called into action, it is that Kean shines out above all his competitors: none then can excel him—he reigns triumphant; all criticism becomes superfluous—the feelings stamped upon the human heart are the best and only true testimonies in his favour that can never err. I have seen him in most of those characters that have contributed so much to his present fame, and in others, which, for the credit of the managers as well as Mr. Kean, might have been omitted;—but in all he has shewn in a greater or a less degree, the wonderful powers with which nature had gifted him.—His Sir Giles Overreach and Richard III. may be considered as *chef-d'œuvres*. He has still one arduous performance to attempt, that of

King Lear, which doubtless will excite the universal attention of the dramatic world ; there are parts in that tragedy which are peculiarly calculated to elicit those dormant powers which we so frequently see in Kean's performance, till some unexpected event brings them forth to the admiring multitude. It would be invidious at present to make any particular remarks on the comparative merits of Kean and Booth. The latter certainly is a very clever young man ; which is a sufficient plea for him to obtain the patronage of the public, but it is an absurdity to place him on an equality with an actor whom it is impossible for him ever to rival. It has been asserted that Booth is a strong im-

itator of Kean—this may be true ; but let it be recollected, that no man was ever great by imitation. Mr. Booth's recent performance in Shakspeare's admirable play of *Cymbeline* was strongly corroborative of the above remarks :—he had evidently studied him deeply ; for though Kean has not performed this identical character himself, yet others which he has played were so similar, (his *Iago*, for instance,) that every motion of Booth's was an attempted imitation of Kean's manner.

A part of your excellent publication being particularly devoted to the drama, I am induced to send the above remarks for insertion in your truly liberal pages.
Holloway, March 20, 1817. J. D.

THE BATHS OF BAREGES.

From the Literary Gazette.

A GERMAN nobleman who visited those baths in August 1816, wrote to a friend some interesting letters during his stay there, of which we have seen several extracts, "I have seen," says he, "the banks of the Loire from Blois to Tours ; those of the Elbe from Dresden to Meissen ; but they are surpassed by La Chausse, which is the name of this part of Bearn, about 15 leagues in breadth. Here are vast plains covered with the finest corn, meadows, woods, of oak and ash, large fields of Turkish wheat (maize) in the vineyards ! not of such a melancholy aspect as those of Medoc ; on the contrary, nothing can be more pleasing, more picturesque. The vines are planted in extensive fields, in the form of a quincunx, ten or twelve feet from each other. Every vine six or seven feet high, is supported by a cherry-tree, round which it twines, the tendrils embrace the boughs which are inwreathed with the beautiful foliage of the vine, and from the top the longest shoots descend, and are carefully led in festoons to the next cherry-tree, forming in all directions the most lovely bowers with the fruit hanging on every side. The cherry-trees are adorned with the glowing red of their own fruit, and the ground below is covered with maize and other corn. The whole forms a most delightful scene of fertili-

ty, of the finest productions of nature, and the most luxuriant vegetation. These truly Elysian fields are watered by the Adour, which, pouring down from the mountains of Bigorre, flows in various arms, until, uniting at Bayonne, these fall into the sea. In the bosom of this lovely landscape are numerous villages, almost touching each other, and all testifying the prosperous situation of the inhabitants. The wine however, is not good, and is distilled into brandy. But on the other hand, the cultivation of the vine, elsewhere so expensive, here costs the peasants hardly any thing. The cherry-trees are the permanent, and of themselves profitable props, which in other places are very expensive. The fields are ploughed by oxen.—Such is this part of the country of Henry IVth."

The writer describes Bareges itself as a most gloomy abode, buried deep between high mountains and rugged rocks which exclude the beams of the sun, and almost the light of the day, and scarcely leave room for a few inhabitants to settle near the wonder-working springs.

The power of these hot baths is astonishingly great. They are so tonic that the writer says he was more than once obliged to interrupt the use of them for a time. They are a sovereign remedy

for severe wounds, for corporeal injuries of long standing, for gout, and for cancerous swellings, which are dispelled by these waters. For the latter, the neighbouring baths of St. Sauveure, however, seem to be more salutary, being milder and of a more soponaceous quality.—

“Bareges is uncommonly full, notwithstanding the dreadful weather. A third of the houses are occupied by five numerous English families, who have been here for two months. Among them are some persons more celebrated and honoured in these parts for their beneficence, than for their great wealth.

General Crawford is here for the second time. Fourteen years ago he was cured in Bareges of a dreadful fit of the gout, and out of gratitude to the Divine Author of Nature, and as a charitable

gift to the unfortunate, he founded an annual revenue in perpetuity of 50 pounds sterling for the poor sufferers who seek relief in the Royal Hospital here. The following is a pleasant anecdote of the noble lord, which shows at once his wealth and his generosity. Last week he took it into his head to send for one of the first dentists in Paris, to put his teeth in order. The dentist comes, examines his lordship's mouth, finds that nothing is necessary to be done to it, says, ‘My lord, since your mouth frequently with vinegar and water,’ and gets again into his carriage to return 160 leagues and more to Paris, with 150 louis d'ors which his lordship presents him for having given him so much trouble in vain. This is surely a truly characteristic English anecdote.”

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

By the late JOHN COURTENAY, esq.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

GENERAL DALRYMPLE.

MY acquaintance with the late Gen. Dalrymple, commenced about the year 1763. His manner and address were pompous, and he did not express himself with facility and conciseness, which induced many to depreciate his parts. His understanding was excellent, clear, and comprehensive, wholly employed on military subjects; his judgment and precision on every point of his profession were unquestionable. He calculated with great exactness the time it would take to embark or disembark troops on any expedition, and pointed out with skill and discrimination the strong posts they should and probably would occupy. He was an excellent geographer, and would instantly give the distances from one place to another in every part of Europe, and the source and course of the principal rivers. When he commanded in Ireland, his plan for the defence of that neglected and menaced country was, in the opinion of one of the best officers in the service (Lord Hutchinson,) most judicious and masterly. His knowledge in naval affairs, as connected with the military, was equally just.

I lived in great intimacy with General Dalrymple about forty years, and always found him a generous and attached friend. His table was elegant, and his great delight was to entertain a convivial select party; for he hated a crowded dinner, which obliges the company to split into sets, and substitutes a confused noise instead of general agreeable conversation.

The last time he sailed to America, he earnestly pressed me to go and dine with him at Hounslow on his way to Portsmouth. I observed that he was unusually grave and dispirited; after a cheerful bottle, he began to talk of presentiments, and at last owned that he had conceived an idea that he should die in America, and never see England again. I was surprised at this, as he was of a firm, high, cheerful temper, and as little tainted by superstition as any man I ever knew. To dissipate this mental gloom, I related an anecdote which happened to myself not many months before. I dreamed that Moses had appeared and acquainted me that on such a day of the month and day of the week I should surely die. I told this dream the next day at dinner at Mr.

Blair's in Portland place ; but it made so little impression on me that I had forgot both the dream and the Mosaic dates. Mrs. Sharp, a Scotch lady, who was present, privately made a memorandum of the fact ; and as I accidentally called on her at her mother's, Lady Sharp, in Tichfield street, she reminded me that the fatal day was come to verify Moses's denunciation. The surprise and suddenness of recalling this singular dream to my recollection, in defiance of all my efforts, depressed my spirits so much, that I was obliged to step into Devaynes's shop, in Spring Gardens, in my way to the Ordnance Office, and take forty or fifty drops of Lavender Drops to revive me ; nor did I recover from the gloomy impression till the day was past. I assured the General on my honour that I had not invented the anecdote for the occasion. I appealed to Mr. and Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Sharp for the truth and accuracy of my relation. The singularity of this dream, its accidental impression upon me, with the enlivening aid of another bottle, had a most propitious influence on the general. He pursued his journey to Portsmouth in the evening, and was no longer disturbed by his presentiment. I have often reflected since, that if my dream had been accidentally verified, it would have had more effect to prove the divine legation of Moses, than Warburton's Treatise.

RT. HON. GERARD HAMILTON.

Mr. G. H. was of a most jealous and irritable temper, and would fain be thought a man of gallantry to the last. I shall relate a ludicrous instance on this topic.—He and I passed an evening at Lady W.'s : Mr. P. the present Earl of C. was there. She produced a favourite little dog, which she fondly hugged and caressed, and desired P. to kiss it, which he laughingly refused, and said it resembled a rat. Mr. H. instantly looked discomposed ; I could not guess the reason : but as we returned home in his carriage, the mystery was explained, as he earnestly asked me if I had noticed P.'s contemptuous expression, as he certainly alluded to him for deserting Mr. Pitt on the Regency Question. I en-

deavoured to persuade him to the contrary, but in vain. He requested me to call on him the next morning, which I did ; he still dwelt on the same circumstance, (jealousy, I perceived, was the true motive,) and avowed his intention of calling on P. for an explanation, and enjoined me secrecy till he had formed his determination. He appeared too angry and serious for me to attempt laughing him out of this whim ; I therefore immediately called on Mr. P. and mentioned Mr. H.'s surmise and high displeasure. He thanked me repeatedly for my kind interference, and at once explained the ludicrous mistake. The spaniel it seems that Lady W. had caressed had been given her by Colonel S. ; as P. and he were rivals, whenever a love quarrel took place between her ladyship and P. she fondled and kissed the dog to vex him, and this was the reason of his calling it a rat ; that he never could have the least idea of alluding to Mr. H. whom he had always been taught to esteem and admire from his boyish years ; and besides, the word *rat*, in a political sense, might be more justly applied to himself.

The next morning I again called on Mr. H. well knowing his nervous impatience, and could scarcely keep my countenance. Perceiving it he immediately accosted me in his usual familiar manner : " Courtenay, I see by your face that you have got some d—d piece of buffoonery in your head." I then gave him the explanation *verbatim*, at which he was highly pleased. P. called on him the same day, and we dined together at Mr. H.'s soon after, and not a word more passed on the subject.

From the Monthly Magazine.

EMERSON THE MATHEMATICIAN.

Mr. Emerson was in person something below the common size, but firm, compact, well made, very active, and strong. He had a good open expressive countenance, with a ruddy complexion, a keen and penetrating eye, and an ardor and eagerness of look that was very expressive of the texture of his mind. His dress was very simple and plain, or what, by the generality of people, perhaps, would have been called grotesque.

and shabby. A very few hats served him thro' the whole course of his life; and, when he purchased one (or, indeed, any other article of dress,) it was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether the form and fashion of it was that of the day, or of half a century before. One of these hats, of immense superficies, had, in length of time, lost its elasticity, and the brim of it began to droop in such a manner as to prevent his being able to view the objects before him in a direct line. This was not to be endured by an optician; he therefore took a pair of shears, and cut it round close by the body of the hat, leaving a little to the front, which he dexterously rounded into the resemblance of the nib of a jockey's cap. His wigs were made of brown or a dirty flaxen-coloured hair, which at first appeared bushy and tortuous behind,

but which grew pendulous through age, till at length it became quite straight, having, probably, never undergone the operation of the comb: and, either thro' the original mal-conformation of the wig, or from a custom he had of frequently inserting his hand beneath it, his hind-head and wig never came in very close contact. His coat, or more properly jacket, or waistcoat with sleeves to it, which he commonly wore without any other waistcoat, was of a drab colour. His lioen came not from Holland or Hibernia, but was spun and bleached by his wife, and woven at Hurworth—being calculated more for warmth and duration than for shew. He seldom buttoned more than two or three of the buttons of his waistcoat—one or two at the bottom, and sometimes one at the top; leaving all the rest open.

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS.

Extracted from the English Magazines.

A NEW novel, called *Rob Roy*, by the author of *Waverly*, Guy Mannering, and the Antiquary, is in the press, and will speedily be published.

For why? because the good old rule
Sufficeth them,—the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

Rob Roy's Grave—WORDSWORTH.

Mr. Moore's long expected poem of *Lalla Rookh*, has at length been published. It is divided into four parts, the first entitled, *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*; the second, *Paradise and the Peri*; the third, *the Fire-Worshippers*; the fourth, *Light of the Haram*. The poem opens with the following lines.

"In that delightful province of the sun,
The first of Persia's lands he shines upon,
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over every stream;
And fairest of all streams the Murga roves
Among Meron's bright palaces and groves;
There on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet Chief,
The great Mokona; o'er his features hung
The veil—the silver veil which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till men could bear its light;
Far, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were even the beams miraculously shed
O'er Moulssa's cheek, when down the mount
he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God."

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
His chosen guard of bold believers stands;
Young, fire-eyed disputants, who deem their
swords,

On points of faith, more eloquent than words;
And such their zeal; there's not a youth with
brand

Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death!
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,
Their vesture, helms and all, in snowy white;
Their weapons various:—some equipp'd, for
speed,

With javelins of the light Kathaian reed;
Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining quivers
Fill'd with the stems that bloom on Iran's
rivers;

While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-
axe,

And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they
seem
Like a chenar-tree grove, when winter throws
O'er all its tufted head his feathering snows.

Beneath the porphyry pillars that uphold
The rich moresque work of the roof of gold,
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where, thro' the silken net-work, glancing
eyes,

From time to time, like sudden gleams that
glow

Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp
 below.—
 What impious tongue, ye blushing saints,
 would dare
 To hint that aught but Heav'n had plac'd
 you there?
 Or that the loves of this light world could
 bind, mind?
 In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring
 No---wrongful thought!--commission'd from
 above
 To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,
 (Creatures so bright, that the same lips and
 eyes
 They wear on earth will serve in Paradise;)
 There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,
 And crown th' Elect with bliss that never
 fades!-- done;
 Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding
 And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
 From those that kneel at Brahma's burning
 founts,
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's
 mounts;
 From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
 To the small half-shut glances of Kathay;
 And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker
 smiles,
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
 All, all are there;—each Land its flower
 hath given,
 To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven!
 * * * * *

But there was one, among the chosen maids
 Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades
 One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
 Has been like death;—you saw her pale
 dismay,
 Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
 Of exclamation from her lips, when first
 She saw that youth, too well, too dearly
 known,
 Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah Zelica! there *was* a time, when bliss
 Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
 When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
 In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest
 prayer!
 When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
 Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
 Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower
 Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;
 When thou didst study him, till every tone
 And gesture and dear look became thy own,
 Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
 In thine reflected with still lovelier grace.
 Like echo, sending back sweet music fraught
 With twice th' aërial sweetness it had brought!
 Yet now he comes---brighter than even he
 E'er beam'd before,---but ah!--not bright
 for thee.
 * * * * *

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the
 Of poesy and music breath'd around [sound
 Together picturing to her mind and ear
 The glories of that Heaven, her destined
 sphere, [lay
 Where all was pure, where every stain that

Upon the spirit's light, should pass away,
 And realizing more than youthful love
 E'er wish'd or dream'd she should forever rove
 Thro' fields of fragrance by her Arim's side
 His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!--
 'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
 He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
 To the dim charnel-house;---through all its
 streams

Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
 Which foul corruption lights, as with design
 To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine!
 And, passing on thro' upright ranks of dead,
 Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by
 dread [them cast,
 Seemed through the bluish death-light round
 To move their lips in mutterings as she
 passed--- [quaff'd
 There, in that awful place, when each had
 And pledged in silence such a fearful draught
 Such---oh! the look and taste of that red bowl
 Will haunt her till she dies---he bound her soul
 By a dark oath, in hell's dark language fram'd,
 Never, while earth his mystic presence
 claim'd, [both,
 While the blue arch of day hung o'er them
 Never, by that all imprecating oath,
 In joy or sorrow from his side to sever---
 She swore, and the wide charnel echoed
 "never, never."

The Journal of the late Captain TUCKEY, on a Voyage of Discovery into the Interior of Africa, to explore the Source of the Zaire, or Congo; with a Survey of that River beyond the Cataracts; will soon be published by authority.

Mr. JOSEPH LANCASTER has printed proposals for publishing, by subscription, in one volume octavo, a Matter-of-Fact Account of many Singular and Providential Events, which have occurred in his public and private Life. This work will especially embrace the details of his interesting Travels in Ireland, and develope many interesting facts highly honourable to the native character and hospitality of the Irish nation. In traversing almost the whole of the three kingdoms; in mixing in every circle from the cottage to the family on the throne; in lecturing to above 300,000 persons in the chief towns in the empire; many most novel and interesting events have occurred, a number of which, being by no means of a confidential nature, will freely be brought into view, for public instruction and information.

A volume of Comic Dramas, from the pen of Miss Edgeworth, will soon be published.

Mr. William Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, has a new poem in the press, entitled, *The Swiss Patriots*: also a new edition, of a very much admired poem, *The Sorrows of Seduction*.

A French edition of the *Duchess d'Angoulême's Journal*, with Biographical Notes by the French Editor, is just ready for publication by Mr. Colburn, handsomely printed in 8vo. uniform with the work of Hue and the *Journal de Clery*.

Mr. W. SAVAGE, printer, of London, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, *Practical Hints on Decorative Printing*; with specimens in colours, engraved on wood. Containing instructions for forming black and coloured printing inks: for producing fine press-work; and for printing in colours. As an ornamental book—it is hoped (says the Editor) that it may be deemed worthy of a place in the library of the amateur. Respecting typography, it is intended to class with the finest works issued from the press: and, with regard to decorative ornament—the volume will be perfectly unique. The subjects printed in various coloured inks will be selected from the chaste productions of antiquity—medals, fragments of ruins, buildings, landscapes, flowers, quadrupeds, birds, and insects; and executed at the printing-press in the colours of the originals. As a practical work—it will contain instructions for forming the finest black and coloured inks, embellished with numerous engravings on wood, by the first artists, to serve, not only as specimens of the different inks, but also of ornamental printing. There will be an attempt to shew, that the use of brass-rule is capable of being extended beyond its present application. It will moreover contain directions for producing fine press-work; and comprise more practical information for the improvement of printing, generally, than any book on the art which has preceded it; tending to prove, that any printer, possessing good types and a good press, may execute the finest work.

Mr. BAYLEY, formerly of Merton College, has in the press, *Idwal, the Narrative of Brito*, and the *Hostage*, detached portions of an epic poem; with a poem in Greek hexameters.

Memoirs of European and Asiatic Turkey, from the manuscript journals of modern travellers in those countries, are preparing by ROBERT WALPOLE, A.M. in one volume, quarto, illustrated with plates. It will contain manuscript journals, and remarks on parts of Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, by late travellers; and statistics, antiquities, natural history, and geography, of those countries, will be elucidated by drawings and observations which have never yet been before the public, and which will communicate information as correct as it is new.

The fourth and concluding volume of Captain BURNEY's *History of Voyages and Discoveries in the South Seas*; comprising all the voyages and discoveries antecedent to the reign of his present Majesty, bringing down their history until the point where Hawkesworth's three voyages begin.

A new edition of Dr. THOMSON's *System of Chemistry* is in the press, and will speedily be published. The work will be entirely remodelled, and will be comprised in four octavo volumes.

A new work, entitled, *the Dance of Life*, intended to form a companion to the *Dance of Death*, is in the press. The designs are by Mr. ROWLANDSON, and the illustrations in verse by the author of *Doctor Syntax's Tour*. The first number will appear on the first of May. There is also in the press a handsome edition, in royal 8vo. of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, with designs by Mr. Rowlandson.

Mr. GRIFFITHS, author of "*the Sons of David*," is preparing for the press, another historical romance of the fourteenth century, where, in the manners of our ancestors are displayed, and the singular adventures related of a god-daughter of King Richard the Second, and some particulars of that monarch not yet made public.

The Rev. HUGH PEARSON's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Dr. Claudius Buchanan*, will soon appear.

Sir WILLIAM ADAMS is about to publish, a *Practical Enquiry into the Causes of the frequent Failure of the Operations of extracting and depressing the Cataract*, and the description of a new and improved series of operations, by the practice of which most of these causes of failure may be avoided.

Sir HUMPHREY DAVY has stated an opinion, in a recent communication to the Royal Society, that falling stars could not be owing to the combustion of gaseous meteors; but that they must be solid ignited masses moving with great velocity in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

A new mode of giving additional strength to iron and steel, is proposed by Mr. DANIELL. His plan is to twist metal, in the same manner as strength and compactness are given to hemp and flax.

Mr. JAMES THOMSON has in the press, in an octavo volume, *De Courci, a Tale*, in two cantos, with other poems; including commemorative addresses, written for several public institutions.

Under Biography, this month's list presents *The Lives of the more Eminent of the Fathers of the first Three Centuries*, by the Rev. ROBERT COX. It is rather illustrative of character than recordant of fact, and is well calculated to give a correct general idea of the writings of those Christian leaders, and of the periods in which they flourished—a kind of knowledge which is by no means abundant.

The third volume of *Village Conversations*, by Mrs. RENOU, has just been published; it is an attempt to familiarise moral and political philosophy by conversational dialogue. Her design is very respectably executed, and will materially assist parents in drawing out the minds of their children, with a view to the establishment of sound principles.

In the Bath Literary and Philosophical Society, the Rev. Mr. Wright has described a very ingenious method of working a ship's pump by mechanical means, when the crew are too few in number to attend to that duty, and particularly in a heavy gale. It was used by Capt. Leslie in June last, during a voyage from Stockholm to America, when the crew were exhausted with pumping, and the ship was sinking. He fixed a spar aloft, one end of which was ten or twelve feet above the top of his pumps, and the other extremity projected over the stern; to each end of the spar he fastened a block: he then fastened a rope to the spears of his pump, and after passing it through both pulleys along the spar, dropped into the sea astern; to this end he fastened a cask of 110 gallons measurement, and containing, 60 or 70 gallons of water, which answered as a balance-weight; and the motion of the ship made the machinery work. When

the stern of the ship descended, or any agitation of the water raised the cask, the pump-spars descended, and the contrary motion raised the spear, and the water flowed out. The ship was thus cleared in four hours.

Mr. HATCHETT has contrived a process for sweetening musty corn. Musty grain, which is so bitter as to be totally unfit for use, and which can scarcely be ground, may be rendered perfectly sweet and sound by simply immersing it in boiling water, and letting it remain till the water becomes cold. The quantity of water to be double that of the corn to be purified. The musty quality rarely penetrates through the husk of the wheat; and in the very worst cases, it does not extend through the amylaceous matter which lies immediately under the skin. In the hot water, all the decayed or rotten grains swim on the surface, so that the remaining wheat is effectually cleaned from all impurities, without any material loss. The wheat is afterwards to be dried, stirring it occasionally on the kiln, when it will be found improved in a degree which can scarcely be believed.

The late Prof. ROBISON'S *System of Mechanical Philosophy*, with Notes and Illustrations by Dr. BREWSTER, is printing in four octavo volumes, with numerous plates.

In a few days will be published, the Bible Class Book, or scripture Readings for every day in the year, being Three Hundred and Sixty-five Lessons selected from the most interesting and instructive parts of the Sacred Scriptures. This selection is made upon a plan recommended by Dr. Watts, and its chief aim is that of becoming a School Class Book for youth in all stations of life, and of all religious denominations, for doctrinal and controversial points have been studiously omitted.

The Rev. Mr. BICHENG has in the press, *An Examination of the Prophecies with a view to ascertain the probable issue of the recent restoration of the old Dynasties; of the revival of Popery; and of the present mental ferment in Europe; as likewise how far Great Britain is likely to share in the Calamities by which Providence will accomplish the final overthrow of the kingdoms of the Roman Monarchy.*

Mr. RICHARD DAVENPORT has published some curious particulars relative to boiling tar. Some know, and many probably have heard without believing, while to others it will be quite new to hear, that a man can dip his hand into boiling tar without suffering. Being lately at Chatham Dock-yard, where he saw a cauldron of tar in a state of ebullition, Mr. Davenport asked the workmen if they had ever seen any one dip his hand into tar in that state. "One of them," says he, "immediately dipped his hand and wrist in, bringing out fluid tar, and pouring it off from his hand as from a ladle. Satisfied that there was no deception, I dipped in the entire length of my fore-finger, and moved it about a short time before the heat became inconvenient." He repeated the experiment with the tar thoroughly boiling, and the thermometer at 220°, plunging in his finger, and making three oscillations of six or eight inches, which occupied between two and three seconds of time. The heat did not arise to any painful degree, though it adhered to the skin just like any other liquid of similar viscosity. From sub-

sequent experiments he has found that he cannot bear the heat of water at 140° so long as that of tar at 220°.

Dr. ARNOLD has communicated to the *Linnæan Society* a description of a remarkable volcanic mountain in the island of Java, drawn up from actual observation. It is called by the natives Tankubanprau. The road to it is very difficult, being through an almost impenetrable jungle. The crater has nearly the form of a truncated cone inverted. The sides are about 500 feet high, and in many places nearly perpendicular. At the bottom is a small lake, the water of which has the taste of a solution of sulphuric acid. This water was boiling in several parts of the lake; but its temperature on the edge was 112°. It was surrounded by a soft mud, apparently a mixture of sulphur and clay. The doctor is of opinion, that it occasionally emits flames, as the trees round its edge had the appearance of being scorched. On the west side of this crater, and merely separated from it by a thin partition of rocks, is another crater, rather larger than the first, having at its bottom a lake of cold water, from which circumstance it is presumed that the two craters, though so near together, have no connexion.

The translation of Lady MORGAN'S (late Miss OWENSON) last novel has been found some fault with in Paris, on account of the details relative to French manners, of which the author is said to have given an unfaithful delineation, and because she attributed to her characters, who are supposed to have lived at the time of the League, the ideas and manners of the 18th and 19th centuries. This is a fault, however, which is to be found in most historical novels, and which Madame de Genlis herself, has not always avoided.

A French translation of so much of FRANKLIN'S *Correspondence* as has yet appeared, is already published at Paris, in two vols. 8vo.

MARTIN HENRY KLAPROTH, one of the most celebrated modern chemists, died at Berlin on the first of January. He was born in 1743. His labours were principally directed towards the improvement of the processes which serve to determine the nature and the proportions of the elements of mineral substances. In order to succeed in researches of this kind, it is necessary to combine the talent of observation with a perfect knowledge of the properties of all simple and compound bodies, and above all, extraordinary sagacity; and no person ever possessed these qualities in a more eminent degree than Klaproth. Chemistry is indebted to him for a vast number of analyses, which have served as a groundwork for the classification and distinction of varieties. Independently of the numerous phenomena which he has investigated in the combinations of substances previously known, he has enriched the empire of chemistry with four new substances—tellurium, titanium, and zircon. Any single one of these discoveries would be sufficient to shed lustre on the name of any chemist.

The public prints have recently given, on the authority of an English gentleman at Rome, some curious details relative to the Stuart papers in the possession of the late Cardinal York at the time of his decease. His letter, dated Jan. 10th, is as follows:—

"La chief s of tho the lat probab ris, had gentle here d since t govern were p a papa I had seized. cabine they ca ditor o trusted son hea of the a for the mission well-d obtaine dred c son's lo talked cumsta gretted of Stat fraudu latter d The pa uable. a millio when I ages, th weigh Secondinal Y public for inv power and th Count hand-v and the elabora mecha and the papers particu der pro ecclesi the P howev letter o his ope course each. the Ge suppor for an them; think, familie ted. A remark have h deeply dam fa tion, a of the Atterb one fro Baker.

“Latterly the Stuart papers have been the chief subject of conversation here. The whole of those that had been in the possession of the late Cardinal York, forming a supplement probably to those in the Scotch College at Paris, had been traced and purchased by a Scotch gentleman of the name of Watson, a resident here during part of the late war. They have since been secured and sealed by order of government; the person from whom they were purchased is arrested, and at this moment a papal gendarme keeps guard in the house. I had a short view of them before they were seized. How the papers first got out of the cabinets of the Cardinal I have not heard; but they came into the possession of Tassoni, auditor of the Pope, and were confidentially intrusted to a priest of the name of Lussi. Watson heard of this, and, after assuring himself of the authenticity of the information, applied for them to the priest. Lussi required the permission of Tassoni, and it is understood that by well-directed *douceurs* his concurrence was obtained. A receipt was given for two hundred crowns, and the papers secured in Watson's lodgings. The new possessor of them talked and would take no advice. The circumstance at length transpired. Tassoni regretted the affair, and applied to the Secretary of State, who interfered on the ground of a fraudulent misrepresentation by Lussi. The latter & the papers were immediately seized. The papers are numerous, authentic, and valuable. They are supposed to amount to half a million. Many of them were not unpacked when I saw them, and covered, in great packages, the sides of a small chamber. The whole weighed 7 tons. They begin with James the Second and go down to the death of the Cardinal York. In those which I saw, every thing public and private is embraced, from plots for invasion and correspondence with foreign powers, &c. to the amours of the Pretender, and the details of the domestic *menage* of the Count of Albany. Several letters are in the hand-writing of James and the Pretender, and the whole collection is arranged with an elaborate care which does credit to the mere mechanical talents for business of the exiles and their party. I saw among the political papers four proclamations of the son of James, particularly to the Universities; the Pretender promises the entire establishment of their ecclesiastical rights, and his full support of the Protestant church in all its privileges, however ample. A short date after, comes a letter of the Cardinal, congratulating him on his open avowal of the Catholic religion! Of course, these are admirable illustrations of each. Then there is a letter to James, from the General of the Jesuits, offering him the support of himself individually, and his order, for any religious purpose he might design them; it is very short and vague, signed, I think, Ritz, or Retz. Almost all the principal families of Ireland and Scotland are implicated. A Col. O'Bryan seems to have been a remarkably active personage. Many that have hitherto been only suspected, are now deeply compromised, particularly the Wyndham family, who give most minute information, and many other members of parliament of the day. There is a very long letter of Atterbury, arranging a plan for invasion; one from the Duke of Leeds, offering Admiral Baker, then in command of the Channel fleet,

a peerage and 400,000*l.* in the result of his defection. There are letters of the Duke of Norfolk, signed N., but of no importance; he seems to have been the most cautious of the party. I have heard something, but not with that precision which you require, of a scheme for the assassination of the pretender. This, if accurate, is a serious charge, and may develop a singular scene of this strange drama. The letters of the queen are principally introductions of Irish families, exiled and fugitive, to her Roman and Italian friends. They enter, though numerous in the extreme, but little into the political intrigues of the day. Perhaps the most curious of the whole, are the letters of Miss Walkinshaw to Prince Charles; the letters of her daughter to the same; the letters of James to him; and the remonstrances of his friends in Scotland.

P. Virgillii Maronis *Bucolica*, *Georgica*, *Aeneis*. Accedunt in gratiam *Juventutis* *Notæ quædam Anglice Scriptæ*. Editio Secunda. 18mo. (Just published.)

This edition of the Mantuan bard, independent of its typographical accuracy, is rendered equally valuable for the school and the closet, the young student and the reader of extensive knowledge. The body of notes forming the Appendix constitutes an excellent commentary upon Virgil; and must prove of peculiar benefit to the pupil in clearing up difficulties of the sense or the metre. But these explanatory notes are of still farther utility, as tending to lead juvenile minds into a train of inquiry that will expand their ideas and facilitate their progress in classical literature. These elucidations, which are taken chiefly from Heyne, Martin, and Voss, are neither so diffuse as to be tedious, nor abbreviated as to become dry, obscure, and uninteresting. The notes of Voss, in particular, contribute highly to enrich the present impression, because they have been little known in this country, and were till now confined to the original German of that learned and acute critic.—*New Mon. Mag.*

Dr. BADHAM is preparing for publication, an *Itinerary* from Rome to Athens, by the route of Brundisium, the Ionian Islands, and Albania. This work will contain an accurate account of distances, the modes of travelling, expences, preparations, and precautions; with other miscellaneous particulars, interesting to the traveller. It will include classical recollections of the various sites which occur in the journey, as well in Greece as in Italy, and, in the latter country, a particular account of Horace's *Iter*.

It is proposed to publish in monthly numbers, eighteen original Journals (each by a general officer,) of the Eighteen Campaigns of the Emperor Napoleon: (being those in which he personally commanded in chief.) To which will be added all the Bulletins, now first published complete. The first Journal contains the Campaign in Italy, 1796-7.

Mr. RYAN has in the press, a Treatise on Mining and Ventilation, embracing in a particular manner the subject of the coal stratification of Great Britain and Ireland; with the most approved methods of discovering, working, and ventilating the same.

Mr. William Gifford, the Editor of *Mas-singer* and Ben Jonson, is preparing an

edition of Shirley, of whose valuable Plays no collection has hitherto been made; they will consist of 6 vols. 8vo.

A new and greatly enlarged edition, by the author, of the Rev. ROWLAND HILL'S Village Dialogues, is in the press, and will be completed in 24 numbers.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES, PUBLISHED.

The Absent Man; a Narrative. 12mo.
Gumal and Lana, or the African Children. 2 vols. plates, 7s. 6d.

The White Cottage, a Tale. 12mo. 7s.
Favourite Beauties and Amours of Henry of Windsor. 3 vols. 15s.

Six Weeks at Long's, a Satirical Novel; by a late Resident. 3 vols. 12mo.

Ponsonby. 2 vols.

Modern Manners, or a Season at Harrowgate. 2 vols.

Family Annals, or the Sisters. By Mary Hays. 12mo.

Fortitude and Frailty. By Fanny Holcroft. 4 vols.

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The Life and Manners of the Baroness Koningsmark. 2s. 6d.

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A Prize in the Lottery; or, the Adventures of a Young Lady, written by herself. From the Italian of L'Abbate Chiari. Translated by Thomas Evanson White. 2 vols.

Education, or Elizabeth, her Lover and Husband, a Tale for 1817; by Elizabeth Taylor. 3 vols.

Stories for Children, selected from History of England, from the Conquest to the Revolution. 18mo.

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, translated into French; by M. Voullaire. 18mo.

Les Soirees De Londres; par Madame Herbster. 12mo.

POETRY.

The House of Mourning, with some smaller pieces. By John Scott, author of a Visit to Paris. 8vo.

Royalty Beset, or, a Pill for Ministers. By Peter Pindar, esq. 8vo.

The South American; a Tale, in four Cantos. By James Scott Walker. 12mo.

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From La Belle Assemblée.

LORD VISCOUNT EXMOUTH.

ON the 26th January, 1796, the Dutton, East Indiaman, in the transport service, was wrecked under the citadel of Plymouth, and totally lost. Lord Viscount Exmouth (then Sir Edward Pellew) was with many others a spectator from the shore of the dreadful calamity; and after offering a most liberal reward to any one who would convey a rope on board, but which none could be found to undertake, he boldly resolved to attempt the hazardous enterprise himself, and instantly dashed into the foaming waves, swam to the sinking wreck, which he never quitted until he had completed his work of humanity, by saving the lives of nearly five hundred of his fellow-creatures, who, but for his exertions, must inevitably have perished. The Freedom of the Borough of Plymouth was presented to him in an elegant silver box; and at a public entertainment given on the occasion, the following stanzas, written by a gentleman of Plymouth, were recited:—

While, o'er the reeling wreck, the savage storm

Poured all its lightnings, thunders, blasts, and hail;

And every horror, in its wildest form,
Smote the firm heart---that never knew to fail;

'Twas thine, Pellew, sublimely great and good!

For man, thy brother man, distress'd---to dare

The dreadful passage of the raging flood,
And join the frantic children of despair.

There, it was thine, in comfort's balmy tone,
To soothe their sorrows, 'mid the tempest's roar:

To hush the mother's shriek---the sick man's groan---

And bear the sufferers, trembling to the shore.

So, when this mighty orb, in dread alarm,
Shall crash in ruins, at its God's decree;
The saving Angel, with triumphant arm,
Shall, from the wreck of all things---rescue thee.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

PRESENCE of MIND in an ENGLISH SAILOR at the BATTLE of ALGIERS.

Mr. Stenhouse, surgeon of the Glasgow frigate, relates the following anecdote:—The captain of the fore-top, on his leg being so wounded that only a small portion of skin kept it connected with the

thigh, with a view of obtaining surgical aid as soon as possible, grasped a rope by which to lower himself upon deck. When he had descended about half way from the fore-top, the mangled limb, over which he could not possibly have any control, became so entangled among flying ropes, that he was under the necessity of hauling himself upwards full three feet that he might disengage it with the assistance of the sound one, whilst he was still hanging by his arms in the air, and with a shower of shot and shells flying round him. At length having accomplished his end, he descended quietly upon deck.

When placed in the cockpit, and waiting till Mr. Stenhouse had completed the amputation of an arm in which he was then engaged, the death of the bugleman, whose wife was at this time in the cockpit, was announced. The poor woman was instantly thrown into a violent paroxysm of grief, and while she was thus bewailing her loss, the wounded captain of the top, with much composure and *naïveté*, called out—"Come, Poll, leave off blubbering—you shall not be a widow long; I will marry you myself directly I am well!" he has since performed his promise.—*Mr. Stenhouse's Official Report to the Transport Board.*

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.

Dr. Leacock, of Barbadoes, has, in a late inaugural thesis, detailed a variety of experiments on animals, by which it would appear that transfusion of blood from one animal to another is not only safe, but, in all analogical probability, would be, on certain occasions, such as profuse bleeding, instrumental in saving life. Animals, on being bled to syncope, in general died when left to the efforts of nature; but when the warm blood of other animals was allowed to flow into their veins, they suddenly and rapidly recovered. These experiments were varied in a great number of ways, but always with the same result. Dr. Leacock concludes thus:—"When the danger is imminent, and common means ineffectual—as when a parturient woman trembles on the brink of the grave, from uterine hæmorrhage; or when a soldier is at the point of death from loss of

blood; what reason can be alledged for not having recourse to this last hope (transfused) and for not attempting to recruit the exhausted frame, and turn the ebbing tide of life?"

IMMOVEABLE JAWS.

The wonderful power of the human constitution, in compensating for natural defects or artificial derangements, is strikingly exemplified in the case of a man whose cranium is now preserved in Mr. Heaviside's Museum. At the early age of four years a violent inflammation on both sides of the face produced a disease of the jaw-bones, followed by anchylosis or immobility of the lower jaw. During the next fifty years there was no mastication whatever of the food, and yet he never experienced a day's illness. In eating he was in the habit of thrusting in his food with his fingers by the left side of the mouth where several of the teeth were deficient.

THE INCUBUS, OR NIGHT-MARE.

Mr. Waller, a navy surgeon, has written a very interesting little treatise on this distressing complaint. *Refreshing sleep* is not only such a criterion of health, but such a solace of our woes, and such a rest to our walking enjoyments, that an investigation of the cause of any interruption therein, is not beneath the dignity of a medical philosopher. Mr. Waller has successfully combated several erroneous but popular opinions respecting this curious malady—such as, that it only happens while we lie on our backs, and after having eaten heavy suppers, &c. Hence the causes have been ascribed to mechanical pressure on the lungs, from an extended stomach. But these are fallacious positions. Mr. Waller knew one instance where it proved fatal, and has been credibly informed of several. Virgil draws an exquisite picture of Incubus in the 12th book of the *Æneid*—

Ac velut in somnis, oculos ubi languidos pressit
Nocte quies, nequicquam avidos extendere
cursus

Velle videmur, et in mediis conatibus ægri
Succidimus; non lingua valet, non corpore
notæ

Sufficiunt vires, nec vox, nec verba sequuntur.

The celebrated Caledonian bard has also drawn a picture of this fiend—

In broken dreams the image rose,
Of varied perils, pains, and woes ;
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake,
Now leader of a broken host,
His standards fall—his honour's lost.
Then—from my couch may heav'nly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night !

Lady of the Lake.

Incubus will sometimes occur in the healthiest persons, when any indigestible food happens to lie in the stomach, or bowels, during sleep. But a peculiar habit of body is necessary to render a person *subject* to it. Thus chestnuts are very apt to give origin to a paroxysm, as was long ago remarked by Hildesheim, who says—“*qui scire cupit quid sit Incubus? Is ante somnum comedat castaneas, et superbibat vinum fœculentum!*”

The causes of incubus Mr. Waller ably traces to derangements in the stomach and bowels, and particularly to an *acid* there. After various trials on himself and others, he found the best preventive of this midnight intruder was *carbonate of soda* dissolved in a little ale or porter, and taken going to bed. The following is Mr. Waller's favourite recipe ; and we can vouch for its utility from personal experience and its effects on others. It is a draught to be taken going to bed ; and is not to supersede the carbonate of soda taken in common drink : a drachm of the soda may be used in the 24 hours ; it renders ale just beginning to turn acid, very pleasant.

Night draught :—ten grains of salt of tartar, or carbonate of ammonia, whichever may best agree with the stomach ; compound tincture of cardamons, three drachms : syrup, one drachm ; mint, or cinnamon water, two ounces : mix, and take at bed-time.

The bowels should be kept open by small doses of neutral salts, magnesia, or rhubarb. Intemperance of every kind is to be avoided, particularly bad wine. Of eatables, fat and greasy meats, most vegetables, fruit and pastry are to be avoided, or used sparingly. The same may be said of salted meat, which is very improper for people of weak digestion. Moderate exercise is salutary : seden-

tary employments, and particularly intense study, with late hours, are highly prejudicial.

ARTIFICIAL WINDPIPE.

A gentleman was nearly suffocated by inflammation of the upper part of the windpipe [*cynanche laryngea*] and the operation of bronchotomy, or division of the tube, was performed close down to the breast-bone. A silver tube was introduced through the wound, and he immediately breathed with freedom.—Such, however, was the magnitude of the original obstruction in the windpipe, that he has now breathed *three months* through the silver pipe, and there is, as yet, no appearance of the natural passage becoming free. The tube gives him very little uneasiness. He eats, drinks and sleeps as well as in perfect health, but voice and speech are gone.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

Smollet, in his *Travels in Italy*, remarks, that a porter in London quenches his thirst with a draught of strong beer ; a porter of Rome or Naples refreshes himself with a slice of water-melon, or a glass of iced water. The one costs three half-pence, the last a farthing—which of them is most effectual ? I am sure the men are equally pleased. It is commonly remarked that beer strengthens as well as refreshes ; but the porters of Constantinople, who never drink any thing stronger than water, and eat very little animal food, will carry a load of 700 weight, which is more than any English porter ever attempted to raise.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

Your correspondent J. L. requests a solution of the following query, “as all substantives in grammar, are said to have existence, how can nothing be a substantive ?” To which profound question, I hope the following reply will not be deemed too formal and laconic, if a plain and satisfactory solution should be proved to have *existence* therein. I shall frame my answer, by proving that nothing is something, and consequently, that nothing in grammar has a legitimate claim to the appellation of substantive. What is a word—

A word is something,
Nothing is a word,
Therefore nothing is something,

POETRY.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TO THE PRIMROSE.

By JOHN MAYNE.

BY murm'ring Nith, my native stream,
I've hail'd thee with the morning's beam,
Woo'd thee among the falls of Clyde,
On Leven's banks, on Kelvin side ;
And now, on Hanwell's flow'ry plain,
I welcome thy return again !
At Hanwell ! where romantic views,
And sylvan scenes, invite the Muse ;
And where, lest erring man should stray,
Truth's blameless teacher leads the way.

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of Virtue in the shade,
Rearing thy head to brave the storm,
That would thine innocence deform.
Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,
Of all the flow'rs the seasons bring,
To me, while doom'd to linger here,
The lowly Primrose shall be dear.

Sprung like a Primrose in the wild,
Short, like the Primrose, Marion smil'd---
The Spring, that gave her blossoms birth,
Tore them for ever from the earth !
Nor left, ah ! me, one bud behind
To tranquillize a parent's mind,
Save that sweet bud that strews the way,
Blest Hope, to an eternal May.

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of Virtue in the shade !
Pure as the blossoms on yon thorn---
Spotless as her for whom we mourn !
Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,
Of all the flow'rs the seasons bring,
To me, while doom'd to linger here,
The lowly Primrose shall be dear.

From La Belle Assemblée.

THE TOMB OF LOVE.

FROM THE NEW NOVEL OF "MELINCOURT."

BY the mossy weed-flowered column,
Where the setting moon-beams glance,
Streams a radiance cold and solemn
On the haunts of old romance :
Know'st thou what those shafts betoken,
Scattered on that tablet lone,
Where the ivory bow lies broken
By the monumental stone ?

When true knighthood's shield neglected,
Mouldered in the empty hall ;
When the charms that shield protected
Slept in death's eternal thrall :
When chivalric glory perished,
Like the pageant of a dream,
Love in vain its memory cherished,
Fired in vain the minstrel's theme.

Falsbood to an elvish minion,
Did the form of Love impart ;
Cunning plumed its vampire pinion,
Avarice tipped its golden dart.
Love, the hideous phantom flying,
Hither came no more to rove ;
There his broken bow is lying
On that stone---the tomb of Love !

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

FROM THE SAME.

TIS said the rose is Love's own flower,
Its blush so bright, its thorns so many ;
And Winter on its bloom has power,
But has not on its sweetness any.
For though young Love's ethereal rose
Will droop on Age's wintry bosom,
Yet still his faded leaves disclose
The fragrance of their earliest blossom.

But, ah ! the fragrance lingering there
Is like the sweets that mournful duty
Bestows, with sadly-soothing care,
To deck the grave of Bloom and Beauty.
For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,
Its blush extinct, to kindle never,
That fragrance is but Memory's sigh,
That breathes of pleasures past for ever.

Why did not Love the amaranth chuse,
That bears no thorns, and cannot perish ?
Alas ! no sweets its flowers diffuse,
And only sweets Love's life can cherish.
But be the rose and amaranth twin'd,
And Love, their mingled powers assuming,
Shall round his brows a chaplet bind,
For ever sweet, for ever blooming.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

HEREWITH I send you an original
Poem, by Lord Byron, taken from the
silver mounting of a Goblet made out of an
Human Skull, found at Newstead. J. T.

START not ! nor dream my spirit fled,
In me behold the only skull
From which (unlike a living head)
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived---I lived---I quaff'd like thee :
I died---let earth my bones resign ;
Fill up ! thou canst not injure me,
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy breed ;
And circle in the goblet's shape,
The drink of gods, than reptiles feed.

Where'er my wit perchance hath shone
In aid of others, let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff whilst thou canst; another race
(When thou and thine like me are sped)
May rescue thee from death's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day,
Our heads should sad effects produce;
Redeem'd, from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is thine to be of use.

NOTE.

On digging near the Abbey for the purpose of making a cold bath, several human skulls were found: two or three of them in a very perfect state: one of these, his lordship formed the horrid idea of having fitted up as a goblet, which was filled with ale, and handed about to his guests after their choice!

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Spoken by Mr. JOHN KEMBLE, at the Edinburgh Theatre, on Saturday, April 3.

Written by WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

AS the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground,
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines;
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that those valued plaudits are my last!

But years steal on---and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and grave;
That, like the Roman, in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle e'er I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own!

Here then adieu! while yet some well-graced parts
May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men!
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget
---O, how forget!--how oft I hither came,
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal SHAKESPEARE's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!
By mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures,
These hours must live---and all their charms
are your's!

O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from
my tongue;

And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is---Friends and Patrons, hail, and---FAREWELL
YOU WELL!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE SONG OF A LOVER UNDER THE WINDOW OF HIS MISTRESS.

AMANDA come---the moon's pale beam
Now rests upon the mountain,
Her brightness sleeps upon the stream,
And trembles in the fountain;
You'd think 't was noon,---so fair---so bright,
Her silver light is given,
Oh come!--with thee on such a night,
I well might dream of Heaven!

The groves are hush'd,---the woods are still,
And not a breeze is waking,
And save the fount, and mountain rill,
There's nought the stillness breaking;
Then sweetly may we rove awhile,
Ere eastern sky adorning,
Bright Phœbus wakes with golden smiles,
And bursts upon the morning.

'Tis dear, Amanda, at this hour,
When all the world is sleeping,
To press the dewy mountain flower,
Beneath fair Cynthia weeping;
And dear, by her pale light to view,
Those eyes of starry brightness,
That beam by night, like drops of dew,
Surpris'd by morning lightness.

Then come my love,---while none are near,
We'll taste the joy of roving;
All is so still and peaceful here
This hour was made for loving;
And sure, a purer heart than thine
Ne'er glow'd at lover's greeting;
Thou know'st away how faithful mine,
How blest,---how warm at meeting.

Haste, Amanda!--softly stealing,
From thy peaceful couch arise;
'Tis for thee, this hour's revealing,
Brighter stars---serener skies;
Amanda haste!--it is for thee,
Fair Cynthia still is beaming,
And I, thy lover, wait for thee,
Then cease, my love, thy dreaming

F. L.

From the Panorama.

JONAH'S GOURD.

From "Jonah," a prize Poem. By J. W. Bellamy, M. A.

BENEATH yon gourd that nods above the glade,
And eastward broadly spreads its grateful shade,
Why turns the Prophet with an angry eye
To Ninus' domes, that rear their splendour high?
Is it, that late, with mournful sackcloth spread,
In contrite grief her children bow'd the head,
Turn'd from the daring evil of their way,
And shunn'd the deeds that darkly loathe the day?
Is it that God, enthron'd in sapphire light,
Boundless in love, in mercy infinite,

Heard every prayer, and mark'd each rising
sigh,
And bade His angel pass innocuous by ?
That He, who wields the fierceness of the main,
And showers His vengeance on the offending
plain,

When Ninus trembled at his servant's word,
Paused in his wrath, and stayed his lifted
sword ? [pride,

Ah ! check, weak Seer, that evil heart of
Nor rashly wield the bolt to man denied ;
Renounce the vain, the impious wish to rise
Beyond thy strength :---be humble, and be
wise.

Thine is a gracious God, whose pitying eye
Beams not with joy, whene'er the wicked die ;
His voice benign will hail the wand'ring child,
By treacherous Sin, and Pleasure's lure be-
guil'd,

To weeping Penitence a pardon give,
Calm every fear, and bid the suppliant live,
Not His the shortened arm, nor heavy ear,
That cannot rescue and that will not hear ;
He lists alike, as Sovereign Lord of all,
The prayer of princes, and the captive's call.
No tear of Penitence unheeded flows ;
Unmark'd no pang that silent Sorrow knows ;
Nor, when Affliction breathes her feeble moan,
Unheard ascends the sigh before His Throne.

Grateful to thee the gourd's refreshing shade
While Summer's beam in burning radiance
play'd ;

But when the worm, with venom'd tooth un-
seen,

Preyed on its strength, nor spar'd the foliage
green ;

When the fierce east wind scourg'd thy faint-
ing head,

The heaven thy curtain, and the earth thy bed ;
How didst thou weep the transient comfort
flown

Sprung of the night---ere day departed, gone !
Yet, shall not God repentant Ninus spare,
Mark all her grief, his threatened wrath for-
bear !

Shall not her tears impending vengeance stay
And wash the record of her guilt away ?

What though the Almighty mark'd the trait-
or train

Of hideous Sin troop wildly o'er the plain,
And by thy voice the awful menace spread

Of treasure'd wrath to scourge each guilty head,
To lay the stubborn pride of Ninus low,

And overwhelm the scoffer in her overthrow,---
If thou, fond man, in fancied power array'd,

Couldst weep the ruin of thy favourite shade,
Tho' the frail root ne'er own'd thy culturing

hand, [land ;---
Plucking the wild weeds from the encumber'd

Say---shall not God forbid his wrath to burn,
When from their guilty trance His children

turn ?
Grateful to Him ascends the contrite prayer ;

And shall not He the mighty city spare ?
Shall He to Death her infant offspring doom,

Her flocks and herds in one vast wreck con-
same,

Whose care the hungry lion's want supplies,
Nor, unrelenting, notes the raven's cries ?

Lord of all power and might ! whose plastic
hand

Built worlds on worlds, and all creation
spann'd ;

Prompt at whose word the winged whirlwinds
fly,

And the red bolt fulfils its destiny ;

Who shall reprove with noisy babblings vain
The righteous judgments of thy boundless
reign ?

Hence, child of Pride, with specious reason
blind,

Nor scan the purpose of the Eternal mind ;
Blame not the arm that spares the prostrate

for,
Nor deal Heaven's vengeance round, and
chide the tardy blow.

God of all Love ; where'er Eve's silver star
Rears her pale crest, and guides her wander-
ing car,---

Where'er the day-spring visits from on high
The heart insensible, the darken'd eye,---

Thine be the incense of each grateful shrine,
And all the praise of love unequalled---Thine.

Low at Thy Throne, let earth's frail children
bend

And hail Thee, Lord, their Father and their
Friend.

And chief may we, illum'd by Mercy's rays,
From thousand temples swell the hymn of
praise ;

Teach us to tread, forgiving and forgiven,
The path of life, and wait the joys of heaven ;

Havened at last, where loveliest prospects rise,
Our home of promised rest, our Eden in the
skies.

From the European Magazine.

LOVE'S VISIT.

By the Author of *Don Sebastian, Hohenelm ;*
*Legends of Lampadosa, &c.**

SLY Love borrow'd April's new buskins of
green,

Her white daisied cap, and her pink pelerine,
Then flew to the dale where sev'n Hermits

preside,
Whim, Grief, Spleen, and Folly, Shame, An-
ger, and Pride.

" Who comes ?" said the Porter, and scowl'd
thro' the gate---

" A poor little flow'r-girl your orders to wait:
My basket I fill'd in the gardens of Spring.
And hyacinths, jonquils, and violets bring."

" I chuse a Narcissus," said Folly, and smil'd,
" Or this scarlet tulip, so vagrant and wild."

" First shew me your basket," said Pride, " if
you please---

" Let's see if at last I can purchase heart's-
ease!"

Said Whim---" Pretty nymph, from your
garland I take

This pink and wild rose for my cousin Wit's
sake:

These sprigs of fresh laurel he cannot refuse:
And now, Brother Hermits, what next shall
we chuse?"

The flow'r-bearer whisper'd---" This fragrant
bouquet

Young Beauty has bought on her toilet to set---
But here is the myrtle, whose ever green leaf,
Distill'd by her hand, is a balsam for grief.

" I found it half-starv'd in an Anchorite's cell
Where the dew-drops of Charity froze ere
they fell ;

* See *Ath.* Vol. 1. pp. 111, 438, 513.

This myrtle will lend your lone hermitage
shade,
When spring-roses droop and narcissuses
fade."

Spleen said, 'twas a gift fit for Vanity's
shrine;
Pert Folly cried laughing, he wish'd 'twas a
vine;
And Pride, their historian, replied with a
sneer,
That women and coxcombs such trifles might
rear!

Cried Anger---"'Tis monstrous for sages like
us

To cheapen bouquets with a profligate puss--
Go! turn out this thief in a gipsy's attire!
I'll take her starv'd myrtle to light up our fire.

Love, laughing, exclaim'd, "Ye are all April
fools!

That myrtle, my sceptre, the universe rules:
The flame it has kindled, for ever shall burn,
But Love, once rejected, disdains to return!"

* * * * *

The Hermits next day called a council of state,
On Cupid's sly visit incog. to debate---
Said Pride, their grave chairman---"A visit
so strange
Our whole commonwealth, and its basis will
change.

"My statutes are libell'd---Spleen raves, and
looks queer;
Shame hardly remembers how poor he came
here;
And Anger, lock'd up in his closet above,
Stays seeking the olive-branch left here by
Love.

"While Folly sits learning old sonnets to trim
Mirth enters incog. to electrify *Whim*;
He stifles us all with his patent gas-lamp,
And Grief when Love call'd here thought fit
to decamp.

"We soon on a worthy successor must fix,
Unless we reduce our small synod to six;
Since Grief follows Love, and is plotting to
wrong us,
Let good Common Sense supersede him among
us."

Thus duly propos'd, and elected nem. con.
Good Sense the attire of a Hermit put on:---
Love saw the new member, and said with a
sigh,
"This stranger will govern them longer
than I!"

For Spleen chas'd by Mirth must depart in
disgrace,
While Folly to Prudence surrenders his place;
Shame, Anger, and Pride, to old Coventry
sent,
Will make room for Honesty, Peace, and
Content.

"Gay *Whim*, of his chemical vapours bereft,
Some sweets may distil from the roses I left;
But Love can the hermitage enter no more,
While good Common Sense keeps his seat at
the door!"

V.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE ORPHAN.

Verses spoken by one of the Boys of the LONDON
ORPHAN ASYLUM, on the departure of a Visi-
tor.

STAY, gentle stranger, stay awhile,
And hear an Orphan's tale;
An Orphan's piteous tale might make
The ruddiest cheek turn pale.

Ah! once I did not need your ear
To listen to my woe:
No cause had I to make complaint,
No sorrow did I know:

But as the lark that mounts the sky
And sings from morn till night,
So did my little heart rebound
With undisturbed delight.

Oft did I with my father play,
And prattle on his knee;
And, at those times, I used to think
No child was glad like me.

But, ere I well could speak his name,
He died on foreign shore;
And then, I often sigh'd, and thought
I should be glad no more.

My mother-----Oh! 'tis long ago
Since I could call her so-----
I have no mother!---no! she's fled
From this sad world of woe!

My father's death quite broke her heart
And withered all her joy;
She'd look at me---and weep---and say---
"Poor little orphan boy!"

"What, mother, is an orphan boy?"
I sometimes did reply;
And then she'd sob, and weep so much,
I feared lest she should die.

Full many a month she mourned away,
By every sorrow tried,
Till quite worn out, she gently groaned,
And said, "Poor boy!"---and died.

Ah! how I wept upon her face
And called her name in vain,
My childish heart could scarce believe
She would not speak again!

And, now, I think of that sad day,
My grief is running o'er;
I seem to see my mother die,
And weep her death once more---

Perhaps you bear a parent's name,
And call your child your joy;
Oh, never may that child become
A wretched orphan boy!

Perhaps the woes that fill my breast,
Are partly felt by thine;
You had a father---mother---who
Are dead, as well as mine!

Then join with me to bless the hands
That gave me refuge here;
That made the aching heart rejoice,
And wiped away each tear.

CALAMUS.